

From the Westminster Review.

1. *The Great Sea Serpent. An Essay, showing its History, authentic, fictitious, and hypothetical.* By EDWARD NEWMAN.
2. *The Zoologist.* London: JOHN VAN VOORST, Paternoster-row. 1848.

THERE is, perhaps, no phase of the human mind more curious or inexplicable than that state of servile submission to authority in matters of belief which characterizes the majority of mortals. It is, indeed, a humiliating spectacle to behold full-grown men depending implicitly for opinions on the dictates of their fellow-men; prostrating their intellect, distrusting the evidence of their senses, and absolutely turning a deaf ear to conclusions, however obvious, if not reaching them through the channel of acknowledged authority! Can they not comprehend that just conclusions are to be attained alone by a studiously-careful consideration of a subject in all its bearings, not by adopting the views—the mere *ipse dixit*—of any man? By the latter course, we not only invest ourselves in a tattered garment of prejudices which every one can see through, but we must also cede the fact, that we have purloined the disreputable clothing which we parade. Now, as there is no position so fatal to the admission of truth as the position of prejudice, so is there no prejudice so degrading as that which is purloined. We do not hesitate to say, that the progress of science in this country is arrested by the strong hand of self-elected authority, and the promulgation of scientific truth retarded by those who arrogate to themselves an exclusive monopoly of philosophic lore. This state of affairs is baneful in two ways:—it not only checks the dissemination of recently-discovered truths, but it invests the select few with the power of disseminating and positively enforcing the reception of error. It moreover persecutes, with relentless severity, every individual who may have the courage to expose the blunders of any magnate whose influence upon the distribution of the scientific patronage of government, and of learned societies, might be thereby compromised.

These remarks are, however, levelled at the system, not at individuals; and they have been elicited by the more than equivocal reception accorded to an apparently trustworthy announcement of the recent appearance of a certain illustrious individual, whose positive identification might possibly upset some cherished hypothesis, and lead to the necessity of numerous modifications of accepted scientific dogmas.

From their lucubrations, lately paraded before the public, it appears that no one connected with the coteries of scientific exclusives has ever seen the animal whose history Mr. Newman has given

us. No bone of a sea-serpent exists in the College of Surgeons. No authentic fragment has reached the British Museum. The eye-witnesses are confined to some two thousand mariners or countrymen who have no acquaintance with the terms nematoneurous, homogangliatous, and the like; and the evidence cited in support of the phenomena observed is given by parties scarcely amounting to an eighth part of their entire number, and who, in their general knowledge of technical natural history are not a whit before the great body of eye-witnesses from whom they appear to have been selected at random; and, therefore, neither the great mass of eye-witnesses, nor those selected to give evidence, are worthy of the slightest credence! So say the exclusives.

The present age exhibits many similar instances of learned incredulity; public lectures have been given to show that Shakspeare never existed, that Ben Jonson is a myth; and our witty contemporary "Punch" declares that Pickford is a myth also. Yet at this very moment credulity is making exhibitions equally eccentric, and millions believe in the universal efficacy of bread-pills, if sold in the name of some liberally advertising quack doctor. It were a study worthy of the psychologist, this simultaneous exhibition of stolid incredulity and headlong confidence; the first would, perhaps, be traced to a preponderance of self esteem, the second to a too great development of veneration for others.

It seems to us that the witnesses called on behalf of the sea-serpent afford the very best evidence that could be wished. The majority of our professors and curators would not know a whale from a porpoise, a porpoise from a shark, a shark from an ichthyosaurus, if they beheld these creatures in their native element; it is when beasts are stuffed with straw, or reduced to skeletons, or when fragments of their bones are placed under the compound microscope, that the knowledge of them among these *savans* begins and ends; but the mariner, the whaler, the harpooner, the porpoise-shooter, the practical fisherman,—these know the creatures of the deep from each other, and can pronounce with wonderful exactitude if they see but the smallest portion above the water: they are the men whose sight is sharpened by use, whose book is nature, whose knowledge is practical, and whose evidence on such a subject is far better than any other. The men "who go down to the sea in ships" are they of whom we must inquire its wonders. They, indeed, may see a schull of porpoises following each other, head to tail; they may watch their gambols, and haply single out a big one for a trial of the harpoon or the rifle; but no seaman would mistake them for anything else:

the sight is as familiar to him as a string of lawyers to a dweller in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and has certainly no greater similarity to a serpent. In all our inquiries we must have regard to the capacity of a witness for giving information. Even the microscope, the secret-revealing implement of the learned, requires a kind of education on the part of the beholder. Doubtless the mariner who first peeped through the wonder-working tube, would arrive at conclusions as erroneous as the learned fool who comments on the creatures of the deep: but he surely would not venture to print his blunders, or pass off his crude observations as worthy the attention of the world. And yet our savans are forever doing this; and forever giving opinions on subjects which they cannot understand; promulgating hypotheses founded on imagined facts; drawing ideal pictures of nature and reasoning on them as truths; throwing aside realities for fictions; and hermetically sealing their eyes, and closing their ears against the entrance of information, because information itself is supposed to clash with preconceived opinions, to interfere with hypotheses to which they are pledged, and, in fine, to damage their claim to the exclusive disposal of scientific knowledge: their object is to represent all matters as *they would have them*, without any reference to what *they are*. But let us proceed with our inquiry.

The first witness whom we shall call on the part of the sea-serpent is the Rev. Mr. Egede, whose journal of the Greenland mission is a masterpiece of minute accuracy; it is illustrated with figures of the human inhabitants, the bears, seals, whales, birds and plants, distinguished by a fidelity which at that date, 1734, is almost without parallel; indeed, the peculiar structure of the head of the narwhal, or sea-unicorn, proving the single horn to be a tooth on one side of the jaw, developed at the expense of the corresponding tooth on the other side of the jaw, is exhibited with a minute attention to anatomical truth that leaves nothing to be desired. Egede's statements are equally trustworthy with his drawings; there is no attempt at exaggeration, and he appears to be actuated by no other motive than that of modestly disseminating a knowledge of Natural History, facts which he had himself observed, and which he believed to be before unrecorded. Not the slightest doubt has ever been entertained, as far as we can discover, of his veracity, piety, and single-mindedness; the indubitable value of the greater part of his observations is sufficient to establish the authority of the whole. The single blot on this reverend gentleman's character appears to be his *having seen a sea-serpent*. He writes as follows:—

• On the 6th of July, 1734, there appeared a very large and frightful sea monster, which raised itself so high out of the water, that its head reached above our main-top. It had a long sharp snout, and spouted water like a whale; and very broad flappers. The body seemed to be covered with scales, and the skin was uneven and wrinkled, and

the lower part was formed like a snake. After some time, the creature plunged backwards into the water, and then turned its tail up above the surface, a whole ship-length from the head. The following evening we had very bad weather.

The statement is accompanied by a figure in which the characters above enumerated are shown.

Now, we have no objection to make every deduction that the most rigid cross-examination could elicit; we are perfectly willing to make every allowance for the emotions of wonder and fear; we will not insist on the height to which the head was raised, or the sharpness of the snout, or the breadth of the flappers, or the scales on the skin, or the distance from the head to the tail. Let the incredulous pare down the marvellous as much as he pleases, and then, after every allowance and deduction, let him say what Mr. Egede saw. The high character of the narrator, and his otherwise unquestioned veracity, are sufficient guarantees for his having seen something; his extraordinary knowledge of the Cetacea and seals, extending to the most minute distinctions of species, proves that his monster could not have been one of these tribes. It seems to us indisputable, that Mr. Egede, from personal observation and with rigid integrity of purpose, describes and figures an animal decidedly and widely different from any living creature hitherto admitted into our systematic classifications. That it was a sea-serpent, or a serpent of any other kind, certainly does not appear, neither does the writer make any such assertion. In the figure, description, and name, of Egede's "sea monster," we find nothing to constitute it a serpent; this name appears to have been subsequently applied; and yet, so great is the ingenuity of man, that this very name has been tortured into a proof of the falsehood of Mr. Egede's statement.

We will now proceed to Pontoppidan's "Natural History of Norway," published shortly after Egede's "Journal," and quoting that author's description. Pontoppidan was Bishop of Bergen, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen, evidently a good naturalist, and withal a man of unimpeachable veracity: he exhibits no undue credulity; and although he has heard from sailors, and others residing near the coast, a variety of marvellous stories concerning the sea monster, he quotes them doubtingly, and puts his reader on his guard against giving them implicit credence; that a fixed and ineradicable belief in this sea monster, existed universally along the coast in Pontoppidan's time is shown by the following quotation—

In all my inquiry about these affairs, I have hardly spoke with any intelligent person, born in the manor of Nordland, who was not able to give a pertinent answer, and strong assurances of the existence of this fish; and some of our north traders, that come here every year with their merchandise, think it a very strange question, when they are seriously asked whether there be any such creature; they think it as ridiculous as if the question was

put to them, whether there be such fish as eel or cod.

That an equally firm and ineradicable belief exists at the present day, is shown by a parallel passage, just published in the "*Zoologist*."

As some interest has been excited by the alleged appearance of a sea-serpent, I venture to transmit a few remarks on the subject, which you may or may not think worthy of insertion in your columns. There does not appear to be a single well-authenticated instance of these monsters having been seen in any southern latitudes; but in the north of Europe, notwithstanding the fabulous character so long ascribed to Pontoppidan's description, I am convinced that they both exist and are frequently seen. During three summers spent in Norway, I have repeatedly conversed with the natives on this subject. A parish priest residing on Romsdal fjord, about two days' journey south of Drontheim, an intelligent person, whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, gave me a circumstantial account of one which he had himself seen. It rose within thirty yards of the boat in which he was, and swam parallel with it for a considerable time. Its head is described as equalling a small cask in size, and its mouth, which it repeatedly opened and shut, was furnished with formidable teeth; its neck was smaller, but its body—of which he supposed that he saw about half on the surface of the water—was not less in girth than that of a moderate sized horse. Another gentleman, in whose house I stayed, had also seen one, and gave a similar account of it: it also came near his boat upon the fjord, when it was fired at, upon which it turned and pursued them to the shore, which was luckily near, when it disappeared. They expressed great surprise at the general disbelief attaching to the existence of these animals amongst naturalists, and assured me that there was scarcely a sailor accustomed to those inland lakes, who had not seen them at one time or another.—*The Zoologist*, p. 2311.

But Pontoppidan does not satisfy himself with any general expressions of belief, however distinct and explicit; he collects and publishes the most direct and positive evidence, and derived from sources which in the present age we should call the most respectable. The first of these is Laurence de Ferry, at that time commander of Bergen. We subjoin the entire statement, premising that the commander, in order to satisfy the bishop, took two of the seamen who were with him before a magistrate, when they both solemnly swore to the truth of the following particulars:—

The latter end of August, in the year 1746, as I was on a voyage, in my return from Trundheim, in a very calm and hot day, having a mind to put in at Molde, it happened, that when we were arrived with my vessel within six English miles of the aforesaid Molde, being at a place called Jule-Ness, as I was reading in a book, I heard a kind of murmuring voice from amongst the men at the oars, who were eight in number, and observed that the man at the helm kept off from the land. Upon this I inquired what was the matter, and was informed that there was a sea-snake before us. I then ordered the man at the helm to keep to the land again, and to come up with this creature, of which I had heard so many stories. Though the fellows

were under some apprehensions, they were obliged to obey my orders. In the mean time, this sea-snake passed by us, and we were obliged to tack the vessel about, in order to get nearer to it. As the snake swam faster than we could row, I took my gun, that was ready charged, and fired at it; on this he immediately plunged under the water. We rowed to the place where it sunk down (which in the calm might be easily observed,) and lay upon our oars, thinking it would come up again to the surface; however, it did not. When the snake plunged down, the water appeared thick and red; perhaps some of the shot might wound it, the distance being very little. The head of this snake, which it held more than two feet above the surface of the water, resembled that of a horse. It was of a greyish color, and the mouth was quite black and very large. It had black eyes, and a long white mane, that hung down from the neck to the surface of the water. Besides the head and neck, we saw seven or eight folds or coils of the snake, which were very thick, and, as far as we could guess, there was about a fathom distance between each fold.

After citing a variety of other instances, giving the names of his witnesses without reserve, Pontoppidan deduces this general conclusion from the entire evidence:—

It appears that this creature does not, like the eel or land-snake, taper gradually to a point, but the body, which looks to be as big as two hog-heads, grows remarkable small at once, just where the tail begins.

And again:—

The eyes of this creature are very large, and of a blue color, and look like a couple of bright pewter plates.

Egede gives us the pointed head, the power of spouting water like a whale, the broad anterior flappers or paddles, the bulky trunk, and the pointed tail. Pontoppidan adds the enormous eyes the mane, the dorsal protuberances, the sudden narrowing where the trunk ceases and the tail begins.

The next author cited is Sir A. de Capell Brooke. Although in the course of his rambles in Scandinavia this worthy gentleman had not the pleasure of falling in with this creature himself, he nevertheless heard many statements from eye-witnesses respecting it; none of these, however, throw new light on the subject, or assign any characters to the animal which were not previously known. As far as they go their tendency is to confirm the statements previously published; they relate to the years 1817, 18, 19, and 22. The only subsequent information from the locality in question is contained in the fifteenth number of the "*Zoologist*;" we quote the entire passage, without abbreviation or alteration.

In the neighborhood of Christiansand and Molde, in the province of Romsdal, several persons, highly respectable and credible witnesses, have reported that they have seen this animal. In general, they state that it has been seen in the larger Norwegian fjords, seldom in the open sea. In the large bight of the sea at Christiansand, it has been seen every



year, though only in the warmest season, in the dog-days, and then only when the weather was perfectly calm and the surface of the water unruffled. The following persons, whose names are here mentioned, give the subjoined testimony:—Niles Roe, workman at Mr. William Knudtzon's relates: "I saw the serpent twice, once at noon, and two days afterwards towards the evening, in the fjord at the back of Mr. Knudtzon's garden. The first time it was about a hundred feet distant. It swam first along the fjord, and then afterwards direct over to the spot where I stood. I observed it for above half an hour. Some strangers who were on the opposite shore fired at it, when it disappeared. The second time it was further from me. It was small, perhaps twice as long as this room (about forty-four feet;) while swimming, it made serpentine movements, some to the side, others up and down. I cannot state what thickness it was, but it appeared to be about as thick as a common snake in proportion to its length. It was thinner towards the tail. The head was several times slightly elevated above the surface of the water. The front of the head was rather pointed; the eyes were sharp, and glistened like those of a cat. From the back of the head a mane like that of a horse commenced, which waved backwards and forwards in the water. The color of the animal was a blackish brown." John Johnson (merchant, about sixty years of age:) "I saw the animal some years since in the fjord; it was about a thousand paces distant when nearest to me. It swam very swiftly; in the same time that we rowed about a quarter of a mile to the side from it, it had swam about double the distance. I saw it most plainly when it swam in a semicircle round a tolerably large rock that obstructed its passage; in doing this, it partly raised itself above the surface of the water. Its color was blackish-brown, and about the length of this house (55 feet.) With the exception of the head, I did not remark much of its body, as that appeared but little above the surface. Judging from what I observed, I should say the thickness of the body was that of a stout man. The agitation it caused in the water was very strong. Its movements were serpentine, up and down, like a leech swimming." Lars Johnsen (fisherman at Smölen, about fifty years of age:) "I have several times seen the sea-serpent; but, some time since, twelve years ago, in the dog-days, in the fjord, not far from here, one afternoon as I was fishing in my boat, I saw it twice in the course of two hours, and, for some time, quite near me. It came close to my boat, so that it was only about six feet from me. I became alarmed, recommended my soul to God, laid down in the boat, and only held my head so far over it that I could observe the serpent. It swam now past the boat, that was agitated by the ripple caused by its movement in the water, which was previously smooth, and afterwards removed itself. After it had swam a considerable distance from me, I began again to fish. Not long afterwards, the serpent came close to the boat, which was strongly agitated by its movements in the water. I laid down and remained quite still, and, notwithstanding my fright, kept a watchful eye on the animal; it passed me, disappeared, and returned, though not so close as previously, and disappeared entirely when a light wind arose, and ruffled the water. Its length was about five to six fathoms, and the body, which was as round as a serpent's, was about two feet in diameter. The tail seemed to be very round. The head was about as long as a brandy anker (ten-gallon cask,) and about

the same thickness; it was not pointed, but round. The eyes were very large, round, and sparkling. Their size was about the diameter of the box here, (five inches,) and they were as red as my neckerchief (crimson.) Close behind the head, a mane, like a horse's, commenced along the neck, and spread itself on both sides, right and left, while swimming on the water; it was of tolerably long hair. The mane, as well as the head and the rest of the body, was brown as this looking-glass frame (old mahogany.) Spots, stripes of other colors I did not observe, nor were there any scales; it seemed as if the body was quite smooth. Its movements were occasionally fast and slow, which latter was the case when it neared my boat; I could clearly observe it; it was serpent-like, and moved up and down. The few undulations which those parts of the body and tail that were out of the water made, were scarcely a fathom in length. These undulations were not so high that I could see between them and the water." When Lars Johnsen had given this explanation, he was shown the drawing which Pontoppidan has given of this animal. He looked at it with astonishment, smiled, and said he found a great resemblance between it and the animal he had seen. He likewise said that some of the other sea-serpents he had seen were a great deal longer than the one above described.

Mr. William Knudtzon and Candidatus Theologiæ Bochlum, gave the following written account: "We together saw the sea-serpent in a narrow fjord, at a distance of about one sixteenth of a mile, (half an English mile,) for about a quarter of an hour; afterwards it dived, and came up so far from us that we could not see it plainly. The water was smooth as a mirror, and the animal had, as it moved on the surface, the appearance of a serpent. Its motions were in undulations, and so strong that white foam appeared before it, and at the side, which stretched out several fathoms. It did not appear very high above the water, and its length was quite discernible. Once it stretched its head quite erect in the air. The body was somewhat dark, and the head nearly black, it had nearly the form of an eel or snake, and a length of about 100 feet, and in proportion to it an inconsiderable thickness. The breadth diminished remarkably from the head, so much so that the tail ended in a point. The head was long and small in proportion to the throat, as the latter appeared much greater than the former, probably as it was furnished with a mane." Foged (Sheriff) Götsche made the following remarks: "I saw the sea-serpent for some time in a small fjord, first from a boat, afterwards from the beach, several minutes, at a distance of from thirty to thirty-six feet. In the beginning, it swam round the fjord at Torvig; afterwards it went into the deeps. I saw its head stretched considerably out of the water. I remarked as well two or three undulations of the forepart of the body. Its motion was not like that of an eel, but consisted in waving undulations, up and down. They were excessively strong, and caused tolerable large waves; they were largest at the forepart of the animal, and towards the back gradually lessened. The traces of them I discerned in a length of eight to ten fathoms, and a breadth of two to three fathoms. The head seemed blunted, and had the size and form of a ten-gallon cask; the undulations of the body were round, and about the dimensions of a good timber stock (twelve to fourteen inches square.) The entire length of the animal I could not judge, as it was not possible to observe the extremity. Its



color appeared to be dark gray. At the back of the head there was a mane, which was the same color as the rest of the body."

The writer of this article received letters from Mr. Soren Knudtzon, stating that a sea-serpent had been seen in the neighborhood of Christiansand by several people, and from Dr. Hoffman, a respectable surgeon in Molde, lying on a considerable fjord to the south of Christiansand, Rector Hammer, Mr. Kraft, curate, and several persons, very clearly saw, while on a journey, a sea-serpent of considerable size.

The Rev. Mr. Deinboll, Archdeacon of Molde, gives the following account of one which was seen last summer near Molde. The 28th of July, 1845, J. C. Lund, bookseller and printer; G. S. Krogh, merchant; Christian Flang, Lund's apprentice; and John Elgenses, laborer, were out on Romsdale-fjord, fishing. The sea was, after a warm sunshiny day, quite calm. About seven o'clock in the afternoon, a little distance from shore, near the ballast place and Molde Hooe, they saw a long marine animal, which slowly moved itself forward, as it appeared to them, with the help of two fins, on the forepart of the body nearest the head, which they judged from the boiling of the water on both sides of it. The visible part of the body appeared to be between forty and fifty feet in length, and moved in undulations like a snake. The body was round, and of a dark color, and seemed to be several ells (an ell two feet) in thickness. As they discerned a waving motion in the water behind the animal, they concluded that part of the body was concealed under water. That it was one connected animal they saw plainly from its movement. When the animal was about one hundred yards from the boat, they noticed tolerably correctly its forepart, which ended in a sharp snout; its colossal head raised itself above the water in the form of a semicircle; the lower part was not visible. The color of the head was dark brown, and the skin smooth. They did not notice the eyes, or any mane or bristles on the throat. When the serpent came about a musket-shot near, Lund fired at it, and was certain the shots hit it in the head. After the shot he dived, but came up immediately. He raised his head in the air like a snake preparing to dart on its prey. After he had turned and got his body in a straight line, which he appeared to do with great difficulty, he darted like an arrow against the boat. They reached the shore; and the animal, perceiving that it had come in shallow water, dived immediately, and disappeared in the deep.

Such is the declaration of these four men; and no one has any cause to question their veracity, or imagine that they were so seized with fear, that they could not observe what took place so near them. There are not many here, or on other parts of the Norwegian coast, who longer doubt the existence of the sea-serpent. The writer of this narrative was a long time sceptical, as he had not been so fortunate as to see this monster of the deep; but, after the many accounts he has read, and the relations he received from creditable witnesses, he does not dare longer to doubt the existence of the sea-serpent.

P. W. DEINBOLL.

Molde, the 29th Nov., 1845.

The next account we shall quote is that of an *American* sea-serpent, but seen by a party of five English officers, whose names and rank are given at full length. The passage is extracted from the

fifty-third number of the "Zoologist," and we are not aware that it has elsewhere appeared in print. Nothing can be more precise and circumstantial than this account; and we think our readers will be struck with the remarkable similarity between this and the more recently published statement of Captain M'Quhæ. It is impossible to believe that two distinct parties, without communicating with each other, could by any chance have placed on record statements so similar if they were not strictly true.

On the 15th of May, 1833, a party consisting of Captain Sullivan, Lieutenants MacLachlan and Malcolm of the Rifle Brigade, Lieutenant Lyster of the Artillery, and Mr. Ince of the Ordnance, started from Halifax in a small yacht for Mahone Bay, some forty miles to the westward on a fishing excursion. The morning was cloudy, and the wind S. S. E., and apparently rising; by the time we reached Chebucto Head, as we had taken no pilot with us, we deliberated whether we should proceed or put back, but after a consultation we determined on the former, having lots of ports on our lee. Previously to leaving town, an old man-of-war's-man we had along with us, busied himself in inquiries as to our right course; he was told to take his departure from the Bull Rock, off Pennant Point, and that a W. N. W. course would bring us direct on Iron Bound Island, at the entrance of Mahone or Mecklenburgh Bay; he, however, unfortunately told us to steer W. S. W., nor corrected his error for five or six hours; consequently we had gone a long distance off the coast. We had run about half the distance, as we supposed, and were enjoying ourselves on deck smoking our cigars, and getting our tackle ready for the approaching campaign against the salmon, when we were surprised by the sight of an immense shoal of grampuses, which appeared in an unusual state of excitement, and which, in their gambols, approached so close to our little craft that some of the party amused themselves by firing at them with rifles; at this time we were jogging on at about five miles an hour, and must have been crossing Margaret's Bay; I merely conjecture where we were, as we had not seen land since a short time after leaving Pennant Point. Our attention was presently diverted from the whales and "such small deer" by an exclamation from Dowling, our man-of-war's-man, who was sitting to leeward, of, "Oh! sirs, look here!" we were started into a ready compliance, and saw an object which banished all other thoughts save wonder and surprise.

At the distance of from 150 to 200 yards on our starboard bow, we saw the head and neck of some denizen of the deep, precisely like those of a common snake, in the act of swimming, the head so far elevated and thrown forward by the curve of the neck as to enable us to see the water under and beyond it. The creature rapidly passed, leaving a regular wake, from the commencement of which to the fore part, which was out of water, we judged its length to be about eighty feet; and this is within rather than beyond the mark. We were, of course, all taken aback at the sight, and with staring eyes and in speechless wonder stood gazing at it for full half a minute: there could be no mistake, no delusion, and we were all perfectly satisfied that we had been favored with a view of the "true and veritable sea-serpent," which had been generally considered

to have existed only in the brain of some Yankee skipper, and treated as a tale not much entitled to belief. Dowling's exclamation is worthy of record. "Well, I've sailed in all parts of the world, and have seen rum sights too in my time, but this is the queerest thing I ever see,"—and surely Jack Dowling was right. It is most difficult to give correctly the dimensions of any object in the water. The head of the creature we set down at about six feet in length, and that portion of the neck which we saw, at the same; the extreme length, as before stated, at between eighty and one hundred feet. The neck in thickness equalled the bole of a moderate sized tree. The head and neck of a dark brown or nearly black color, streaked with white in irregular streaks. I do not recollect seeing any part of the body.

Such is the rough account of the sea-serpent, and all the party who saw it are still in the land of the living,—Lyster, in England, Malcolm, in New South Wales with his regiment, and the remainder still vegetating in Halifax.

W. Sullivan, Captain, Rifle Brig., June 21st, 1831.  
A. MacLachlan, Lieutenant, Do., August 5th, 1824.  
G. P. Malcolm, Ensign, Ditto, August 13th, 1830.  
B. O'Neal Lyster, Lieut., Artillery, June 7th, 1816.  
Henry Ince, Ordnance Storekeeper at Halifax.

The dates are those on which the gentlemen received their respective commissions.

Concerning other American sea-serpents, many of the accounts have been so improbable, that Mr. Newman concludes it better to pass them over in silence. He, however, gives all that appears authentic.

In the year 1817, the reports of the appearance of a sea-serpent off the coast of Massachusetts were so frequent, and the accounts seemed so circumstantial, that a little band of naturalists, associated under the title of the Linnæan Society of New England, determined to investigate the subject, and obtained the able assistance of Mr. Nash, a most respectable magistrate at Gloucester, (U. S.,) who examined a number of witnesses on oath; and, notwithstanding great disparity in their depositions, it seems utterly impossible to discard evidence so seriously given, especially when the magistrate, in his letter which accompanies the depositions, asserts that he himself, on the 14th of August, watched the animal for nearly half an hour, and that all the witnesses whose depositions he took were men of fair and unblemished reputation. The learned society, in concluding a report of thirty-seven pages, says, "We have seen and heard sundry other statements, on various authorities, relating to an animal said to have been seen at sea by various persons; but we do not insert them in our report because we consider the foregoing testimony sufficient to place the existence of the animal beyond a doubt, and because they do not appear so minute and so well authenticated as the preceding documents." The depositions in question are too lengthy for quotation in our pages, but the reader who wishes to decide for himself in this interesting question, should carefully study the entire evidence as collected by Mr. Newman.

For the same reason, we must pass over the account of two remarkable animals seen in the Western Islands of Scotland, and proceed to the recent statements made by an officer in the naval service of Great Britain.

The following very interesting report respecting the appearance of the extraordinary animal seen by some of the officers and crew of Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, has been forwarded to the Admiralty by Captain M'Quhæ:—

Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, Hamoaze, Oct. 11.

Sir,—In reply to your letter of this date, requiring information as to the truth of a statement published in the *Times* newspaper, of a sea-serpent of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, under my command, on her passage from the East Indies, I have the honor to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at five o'clock, p.m., on the 6th of August last, in latitude 24° 44' S., and longitude 9° 22' E., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N.W., the ship on the port tack, heading N.E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, with whom and Mr. William Barrett, the master, I was at the time walking the quarter-deck. The ship's company were at supper.

On our attention being called to the object it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea, and as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with what our maintop-sail-yard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60 feet of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognized his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S.W., which it held on at the pace of from 12 to 15 miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

The diameter of the serpent was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water; its color a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and officers above-mentioned.

I am having a drawing of the serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by to-morrow's post. PETER M'QUHÆ, Captain. To Admiral Sir W. H. Gage, G.C.H., Devonport.—*Times*, October 13, 1848.

It seems strange, that an official statement to the Admiralty was required before the subject was considered worthy of the slightest investigation. Giv

ing, as we do, the most implicit credit to Captain M'Quhæ's statement, as a straightforward narrative of what he believed the truth, yet, as a contribution to science, and especially that science which is pre-eminently one of facts, we must say that it scarcely equals in value that of Captain Sullivan, and is infinitely less important and satisfactory than the previous statements published in the "Zoologist," or the "Report of the Linnæan Society of New England." One fact, however, is to be gleaned from Captain M'Quhæ, *namely*, that no undulation, vertical or horizontal, was observed, and no mention is made of the sinuosities, lumps, folds, or coils so often spoken of by other eye-witnesses.

It was a matter of course that an official statement, like that of Captain M'Quhæ, should call into action the pens of that scientific clique of which we have already been speaking, and who, to a man, were pledged to declare the sea-serpent a myth and an imposition. If such positive assertions were to pass unnoticed, the existence of a sea-serpent must meet with general credence, and the worth of their own scientific dicta must be called in question. At the meetings of the learned, the growing faith in a sea-serpent pressed hard on the exclusives. In the daily and weekly papers it was obviously gaining ground; the magnates were becoming small; their enunciations were being given to the wind. The time had now arrived for them to be up and doing. It is almost a pity that a special meeting of obstructives was not convened for the "putting down" of Captain M'Quhæ. The ridicule incident on the publication of such heterogeneous opinions emanating from the same body of high and mighty potentates in science might thus have been avoided; but now it will, we think, be apparent to the general reader that the object of the disputants is to throw discredit on Captain M'Quhæ's statements at all risks: and as long as this desirable end is gained, the mode of attainment is quite a secondary consideration. The first fling at the captain was a letter in the *Times*, written to show that the *Dædalus* could not have been sailing on the larboard tack when in the position described; but an abler pen soon convinced the public that the writer himself was on the wrong tack, and that he exhibited ignorance rather than knowledge throughout his fluent and caustic epistle. The assailants being beaten off here, advanced a second explanation, that the captain's sea-serpent was a boa constrictor; then, with inconceivable rapidity it became a floating spar, an eel, a schull of porpoises, a bunch of seaweed, a lamprey and a shark. After the lesser stars had been twinkling in this way for ten days or a fortnight, Professor Owen took the field, and lo! the sea-serpent is converted into a seal:—

Mons parturitur; nascitur ridiculus mus.

The sketch [this was a reduced copy of the drawing of the head of the animal seen by Captain M'Quhæ, attached to the submerged body of a large seal, showing the long eddy produced by the action of the terminal flippers] will suggest the re-

ply to your query, "whether the monster seen from the *Dædalus* be anything but a Saurian?" If it be the true answer, it destroys the romance of the incident, and will be anything but acceptable to those who prefer the excitement of the imagination to the satisfaction of the judgment. I am far from insensible to the pleasures of the discovery of a new and rare animal; but, before I can enjoy them, certain conditions—*e. g.*, reasonable proof or evidence of its existence—must be fulfilled. I am also far from undervaluing the information which Captain M'Quhæ has given us of what he saw. When fairly analyzed, it lies in a small compass; but my knowledge of the animal kingdom compels me to draw other conclusions from the phenomena than those which the gallant captain seems to have jumped at. He evidently saw a large animal moving rapidly through the water, very different from anything he had before witnessed—neither a whale, a grampus, a great shark, an alligator, nor any of the larger surface-swimming creatures which are fallen in with in ordinary voyages. He writes, "On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent (read 'animal') with the head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea. The diameter of the serpent (animal) was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head; its color a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat." No fins were seen, (the captain says there were none; but, from his own account, he did not see enough of the animal to prove his negative). "Something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed washed about its back." So much of the body as was seen was "not used in propelling the animal through the water either by vertical or horizontal undulation." A calculation of its length was made under a strong preconception of the nature of the beast. The head, *e. g.*, is stated to be, without any doubt, that of a snake; and yet a snake would be the last species to which a naturalist conversant with the forms and characters of the heads of animals would refer such a head as that of which Captain M'Quhæ has transmitted a drawing to the admiralty; and which he certifies to have been accurately copied in the "Illustrated London News" for October 28, p. 265. Your lordship will observe, that no sooner was the captain's attention called to the object, "than it was discovered to be an enormous serpent;" and yet the closest inspection of as much of the body as was visible *à fleur d'eau*, failed to detect any undulations of the body, although such actions constitute the very character which would distinguish a serpent or serpentiform swimmer from any other marine species. The foregoing conclusion, therefore, of the beast's being a sea-serpent, notwithstanding its capacious vaulted cranium and stiff inflexible trunk, must be kept in mind in estimating the value of the approximation made to the total length of the animal, as "at the very least sixty feet." This is the only part of the description, however, which seems to me to be so uncertain as to be inadmissible in an attempt to arrive at a right conclusion as to the nature of the animal. The more certain characters of the animal are these:—Head, with a convex, moderately capacious cranium, short obtuse muzzle, gape of the mouth not extending further than to beneath the eye, which is rather small, round, filling closely the palpebral aperture; color, dark brown above, yellowish white beneath; surface smooth, without scales, scutes, or other conspicuous modifications of hard and naked cuticle. And the captain says,



"Had it been a man of my acquaintance I should have easily recognized his features with my naked eye." Nostrils not mentioned, but indicated in the drawing by a crescentic mark at the end of the nose or muzzle. All these are the characters of the head of a warm-blooded mammal; none of them those of a cold-blooded reptile or fish. Body long, dark brown, not undulating, without dorsal or other apparent fins; "but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed washed about its back." The character of the integuments would be a most important one for the zoologist in the determination of the class to which the above-defined creature belonged. If any opinion can be deduced as to the integuments from the above indication, it is that the species had hair, which, if it was too short and close to be distinguished on the head, was visible where it usually is the longest, on the middle line of the shoulders or advanced part of the back, where it was not stiff and upright like the rays of a fin, but "washed about." Guided by the above interpretation of the "mane of a horse, or a bunch of sea-weed," the animal was not a cetaceous mammal, but rather a great seal. But what seal of large size, or indeed of any size, would be encountered in latitude  $24^{\circ} 44'$  south, and longitude  $9^{\circ} 22'$  east—viz., about 300 miles from the western shore of the southern end of Africa? The most likely species to be there met with are the largest of the seal tribe, *e. g.*, Anson's sealion, or that known to the southern whalers by the name of the "sea-elephant," the *Phoca proboscidea*, which attains the length of from 20 to 30 feet. These great seals abound in certain of the islands of the southern and antarctic seas, from which an individual is occasionally floated off upon an iceberg. The sea-lion exhibited in London last spring, which was a young individual of the *Phoca proboscidea*, was actually captured in that predicament, having been carried by the currents that set northwards towards the cape, where its temporary resting-place was rapidly melting away. When a large individual of the *Phoca proboscidea* or *Phoca leonina* is thus borne off to a distance from its native shore, it is compelled to return for rest to its floating abode after it has made its daily excursion in quest of the fishes or squids that constitute its food. It is thus brought by the iceberg into the latitudes of the Cape, and perhaps further north, before the berg has melted away. Then the poor seal is compelled to swim as long as strength endures; and in such a predicament I imagine the creature was that Mr. Sartoris saw rapidly approaching the *Dædalus* from before the beam, scanning, probably, its capabilities as a resting-place, as it paddled its long stiff body past the ship. In so doing, it would raise a head of the form and color described and delineated by Captain M'Quhæ, supported on a neck also of the diameter given; the thick neck passing into an inflexible trunk, the longer and coarser hair on the upper part of which would give rise to the idea, especially if the species were the *Phoca leonina*, explained by the similes above cited. The organs of locomotion would be out of sight. The pectoral fins being set on very low down, as in my sketch, the chief impelling force would be the action of the deeper immersed terminal fins and tail, which would create a long eddy, readily mistakable by one looking at the strange phenomenon with a sea-serpent in his mind's eye, for an indefinite prolongation of the body.

It is very probable that not one on board the

*Dædalus* ever before beheld a gigantic seal freely swimming in the open ocean. Entering unexpectedly from that vast and commonly blank desert of waters, it would be a strange and exciting spectacle, and might well be interpreted as a marvel; but the creative powers of the human mind appear to be really very limited; and on all the occasions where the true source of the "great unknown" has been detected—whether it has proved to be a file of sportive porpoises, or a pair of gigantic sharks—old Pontoppidan's sea-serpent with the mane has uniformly suggested itself as the representative of the portent, until the mystery has been unravelled.

The vertebrae of the sea-serpent described and delineated in the "Wernerian Transactions," vol. i., and sworn to by the fishermen who saw it off the Isle of Stronsa, (one of the Orkneys,) in 1808, two of which vertebrae are in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, are certainly those of a great shark, of the genus *Selache*, and are not distinguishable from those of the species called "basking shark," of which individuals from 30 feet to 35 feet in length have been from time to time captured or stranded on our coasts.

I have no unmet confidence in the exactitude of my interpretation of the phenomena witnessed by the captain and others of the *Dædalus*. I am too sensible of the inadequacy of the characters which the opportunity of a rapidly passing animal, "in a long ocean swell," enabled them to note, for the determination of its species, or genus. Giving due credence to the most probably accurate elements of their description, they do little more than guide the zoologist to the class, which, in the present instance, is not that of the serpent or the saurian.

But I am usually asked, after each endeavor to explain Captain M'Quhæ's sea-serpent, "Why there should not be a great sea-serpent?"—often, too, in a tone which seems to imply, "Do you think, then, there are not more marvels in the deep than are dreamt of in your philosophy?" And freely conceding that point, I have felt bound to give a reason for scepticism as well as faith. If a gigantic sea-serpent actually exists, the species must of course have been perpetuated through successive generations from its first creation and introduction into the seas of this planet. Conceive, then, the number of individuals that must have lived and died, and have left their remains to attest the actuality of the species during the enormous lapse of time from its beginning to the 6th of August last! Now, a serpent, being an air-breathing animal, with long vesicular and receptacular lungs, dives with an effort, and commonly floats when dead; and so would the sea-serpent, until decomposition or accident had opened the tough integument and let out the imprisoned gases. Then it would sink, and, if in deep water, be seen no more until the sea rendered up its dead, after the lapse of the æons requisite for the yielding of its place to dry land—a change which has actually revealed to the present generation the old saurian monsters that were entombed at the bottom of the ocean of the secondary geological periods of our earth's history. During life the exigencies of the respiration of the great sea-serpent would always compel him frequently to the surface; and when dead and swollen—

Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
he would

Lie floating many a rood; in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove.

Such a spectacle, demonstrative of the species if it existed, has not hitherto met the gaze of any of the countless voyagers who have traversed the seas in so many directions. Considering, too, the tides and currents of the ocean, it seems still more reasonable to suppose that the dead sea-serpent would be occasionally cast on shore. However, I do not ask for the entire carcass. The structure of the back-bone of the serpent tribe is so peculiar, that a single vertebra would suffice to determine the existence of the hypothetical Ophidian; and this will not be deemed an unreasonable request when it is remembered that the vertebrae are more numerous in serpents than in any other animals. Such large, blanché, and scattered bones on any sea-shore would be likely to attract even common curiosity; yet there is no vertebra of a serpent larger than the ordinary pythons and boas in any museum in Europe.

Few sea-coasts have been more sedulously searched, or by more acute naturalists, (witness the labors of Sars and Lovén,) than those of Norway. Krakens and sea-serpents ought to have been living and dying thereabouts from long before Pontoppidan's time to our day, if all tales were true; yet have they never vouchsafed a single fragment of their skeleton to any Scandinavian collector; whilst the other great denizens of those seas have been by no means so chary. No museums, in fact, are so rich in the skeletons, skulls, bones, and teeth of the numerous kinds of whales, cachalots, grampuses, walruses, sea-unicorns, seals, &c., as those of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; but of any large marine nondescript, or indeterminable monster, they cannot show a trace.

I have inquired repeatedly whether the natural-history collections of Boston, Philadelphia, or other cities of the United States, might possess any unusually large ophidian vertebrae, or of any such peculiar form as to indicate some large and unknown marine animal; but they have received no such specimens.

The frequency with which the sea-serpent has been supposed to have appeared near the shores and harbors of the United States has led to its being specified as the "American sea-serpent;" yet out of the 200 vertebrae of every individual that should have lived and died in the Atlantic since the creation of the species, not one has yet been picked up on the shores of America. The diminutive snake, less than a yard in length, "killed upon the sea-shore," apparently beaten to death, "by some laboring people of Cape Ann," United States, (see the 8vo pamphlet, 1817, Boston, page 38,) and figured in the "Illustrated London News," October 28, 1848, from the original American memoir, by no means satisfies the conditions of the problem. Neither do the *Saccopharynx* of Mitchell, nor the *Ophiognathus* of Harwood—the one  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet and the other 6 feet long; both are surpassed by some of the congers of our own coasts, and like other muraenoid fishes and the known small sea-snakes, (*Hydrophis*,) swim by undulatory movements of the body.

The fossil vertebrae and skull which were exhibited by Mr. Koch, in New York and Boston, as those of the great sea-serpent, and which are now in Berlin, belonged to different individuals of a species which I had previously proved to be an extinct whale; a determination which has subsequently been confirmed by Professors Müller and Agassiz. Dr. Dixon, of Worthing, has discovered many fossil vertebrae in the Eocene tertiary clay

at Bracklesham, which belong to a large species of an extinct genus of serpent, (*Palaeophis*), founded on similar vertebrae from the same formation in the Isle of Sheppey. The largest of these ancient British snakes was 20 feet in length; but there is no evidence that they were marine.

The sea saurians of the secondary periods of geology have been replaced in the tertiary and actual seas by marine mammals. No remains of Cetacea have been found in lias or oolite, and no remains of Plesiosaur, or Ichthyosaur, or any other secondary reptile, have been found in Eocene or later tertiary deposits, or recent, on the actual sea-shores; and that the old air-breathing saurians floated when they died has been shown in the "Geological Transactions," (vol. v., second series, p. 512.) The inference that may reasonably be drawn from no recent carcass, or fragment of such, having ever been discovered, is strengthened by the corresponding absence of any trace of their remains in the tertiary beds.

Now, on weighing the question, whether creatures meriting the name of "great sea-serpent" do exist, or whether any of the gigantic marine saurians of the secondary deposits may have continued to live up to the present time, it seems to me less probable that no part of the carcass of such reptiles should have ever been discovered in a recent or unfossilized state, than that men should have been deceived by a cursory view of a partly submerged and rapidly moving animal, which might only be strange to themselves. In other words, I regard the negative evidence, from the utter absence of any of the recent remains of great sea-serpents, krakens, or Enaliosauria, as stronger against their actual existence than the positive statements which have hitherto weighed with the public mind in favor of their existence. A larger body of evidence from eye-witnesses, might be got together in proof of ghosts than of the sea-serpent. RICHARD OWEN, Lincoln's Inn Fields, November 9, 1848.—From the *Times*.

Now we are willing to admit that this is a pleasant and plausible piece of writing, and extremely well calculated to answer the author's purpose, which is to make the world believe that the existence of the sea-serpent is as improbable as the existence of a ghost. We do not wish to hurt the feelings of ghost-seers by expressing an opinion as to these nocturnal gentry; but there is one essential difference between a ghost and the sea-serpent, and it is this: that rigid investigation is constantly damaging the reputation of the one, while it evidently and confessedly adds to the good name of the other. Let the sceptic visit Norway, and he will come back a firm believer in the sea-serpent! but let him visit a locality said to be haunted by a ghost, and it is ten to one but he will discover a policeman in the pantry or the servants' bedroom. In another instance, we think the learned professor reckons without his host; he assumes that mariners, because non-naturalists, do not know a seal when they see one: this is a manifest error; the men who see sea-serpents are familiar with seals, and, as we have already said, are not likely to make such mistakes. Again, the learned professor gives the creature a "capacious vaulted cranium," thus making it like a seal: this also is a manifest error; the head was remark-

ably flat, so remarkably flat, that the eye-witnesses dwell on this character (without knowing its tendency) as one worthy of especial notice; and the error here is so extraordinary, that we have thought it desirable to avail ourselves of the liberality of the proprietors of the "Illustrated London News" to republish one of the very drawings of the animal to which the professor alludes, as having appeared in that journal. Let our readers turn to any work on zoology, in which seals are figured, and compare the likeness. Again, the learned professor wants to fix an ophidian nature on the supposed sea-serpent; because a sea-serpent it must be a serpent—this also is a manifest error. A sea-mouse is not a mouse, a sea-urchin is not an urchin, a sea-horse is not a horse, a sea-lion is not a lion, and so on in every instance where the word *sea* is used as a prefix. Has Professor Owen yet to learn, and must we have the pleasure of teaching him that the term sea-mouse is given to a certain animal residing in the sea, because of a real or fancied resemblance to a mouse, but which has no kind of anatomical affinity to the Glires? The same, again, with the urchins: the professor might diligently hunt all the museums in the universe without success, for the vertebræ of marine mice and marine hedgehogs, and thence he might as logically conclude that sea-mice and sea-urchins are as fabulous as ghosts. In fine, we do not find a single passage in the professor's epistle that will bear the scrutiny of an inquirer after truth. But we must hear the captain's reply.

Professor Owen correctly states that I "evidently saw a large creature moving rapidly through the water, very different from anything I had before witnessed, neither a whale, a grampus, a great shark, an alligator, nor any of the larger surface-swimming creatures fallen in with in ordinary voyages." I now assert—neither was it a common seal nor a sea-elephant, its great length and its totally differing physiognomy precluding the possibility of its being a "Phoca" of any species. The head was flat, and not a "capacious vaulted cranium;" nor had it "a stiff inflexible trunk"—a conclusion to which Professor Owen has jumped, most certainly not justified by the simple statement that no "portion of the sixty feet seen by us was used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation."

It is also assumed that the "calculation of its length was made under a strong preconception of the nature of the beast;" another conclusion quite the contrary to the fact. It was not until after the great length was developed by its nearest approach to the ship, and until after that most important point had been duly considered and debated, as well as such could be in the brief space of time allowed for so doing, that it was pronounced to be a serpent by all who saw it, and who are too well accustomed to judge of lengths and breadths of objects in the sea to mistake a real substance and an actual living body, coolly and dispassionately contemplated, at so short a distance too, for the "eddy caused by the action of the deeper immersed fins and tail of a rapidly-moving gigantic seal raising its head above the surface of the water," as Professor Owen imagines, in quest of its lost iceberg.

The creative powers of the human mind may be

very limited. On this occasion they were not called into requisition, my purpose and desire being, throughout, to furnish eminent naturalists, such as the learned professor, with accurate facts, and not with exaggerated representations, nor with what could, by any possibility, proceed from optical illusion; and I beg to assure him that old Pontoppidan having clothed his sea-serpent with a mane could not have suggested the idea of ornamenting the creature seen from the *Dædalus* with a similar appendage, for the simple reason that I had never seen his account, or even heard of his sea-serpent until my arrival in London. Some other solution must, therefore, be found for the very remarkable coincidence between us in that particular, in order to unravel the mystery.

Finally, I deny the existence of excitement or the possibility of optical illusion. I adhere to the statements as to form, color, and dimensions, contained in my official report to the Admiralty, and I leave them as data whereupon the learned and scientific may exercise the "pleasures of imagination" until some more fortunate opportunity shall occur of making a closer acquaintance with the "great unknown"—in the present instance, most assuredly no ghost. P. M'QUEEN, late Captain of Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*.—*Times*, November 21, 1848.

To ourselves the evidence appears irresistible, "that a certain marine animal of enormous size does exist and that it differs essentially from any living animal described in our systematic works." To this animal mariners have given the very appropriate name of *sea-serpent*, from its inhabiting the sea, and from its supposed resemblance to a serpent: It is fifty or sixty feet in length—perhaps seventy feet—but we may gather from the multitude of statements that fifty or sixty is a perfectly safe estimate; it is long in proportion to its bulk, its neck and tail being of much less circumference than its body; the junction of the tail and body is marked by a rapid diminution in size: it has a sharp-pointed snout, flat-topped head, powerful teeth, very large eyes, and blow-holes, like the Cetacea, from which it spouts water; it has two very large and powerful flappers, or paddles, with which it makes its way when on the surface of the water; it has a dorsal, or cervical crest fin or mane; its skin is smooth.

We think it will readily be admitted that no animal answering such a description is known in our methodical arrangements: nay, we very much doubt whether it would not be considered as altogether disturbing these arrangements: geology, however, offers something approaching a solution. In the splendid work of Mr. Hawkins on the "Extinct Monsters of the Ancient Earth," we find the delineation of forms quite as remarkable as that which we have attempted to describe from attested depositions. Concerning one of them, Dr. Mantell writes:—

The Ichthyosaurus had the back of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head and sternum of a lizard, the paddles of Cetacea, and the vertebræ of fish. Some of the species attain the magnitude of young whales. \* \* \* The orbit is very large \* \* \* Like turtles, the animal had four paddles composed of numerous bones enveloped in one fold



of integument, so as to appear an entire fin, as in the Cetacea. The fore paddles are large, and in some species, are formed of one hundred bones; the hind are smaller, and contain but thirty or forty \* \* \* The nostrils, as in the Cetacea, beneath the orbits. \* \* \* Its skin appears not to have been covered with scales.—*Wonders of Geology*, ii. 433.

Here is the description of another animal:—

The Plesiosaurus differs from the Ichthyosaurus in the extreme smallness of the head, and enormous length of the neck. The latter is composed of upwards of thirty vertebrae—a number far exceeding that of the cervical vertebrae in any known animal. This reptile combines in its structure the head of a lizard with teeth like those of a crocodile, a neck resembling the body of a serpent, a trunk and tail of the proportions of those of a quadruped, and paddles like those of turtles. It has been compared to a serpent threaded through the body of a turtle.—*Id.* 435.

Another animal, in many points resembling them, but now generally referred to the Cetacea, is described by Dr. Harlan, and probably equalled the largest whale in size. The bones of this creature were exhibited in America as those of a fossil sea-serpent. This, we believe, was the act of a mere puffing exhibitor; and the bones are said to have been arranged without any kind of anatomical accuracy.

The descriptions of these animals, written simply as scientific records, are quite sufficient to convince the reflecting mind that, at one period of this earth's existence, its seas were teeming with creatures which, if admitted into our recent fauna, would solve the problem at once. If the Ichthyosauri, Plesiosauri, Basilosauri, and cognate, or intermediate genera, were still recognized as inhabitants of the North Atlantic Ocean, no one would be disposed to contest the point that one or other of the tribe had been seen at different periods and places, and had been intended by the descriptions we have quoted; but to suppose such beings now existent, is said to be a violation of geological law. Here, however, we will quote an author of high repute—no other than the venerable and universally-respected Kirby—to show that the geological law is not accepted without question:—

It has been calculated that the depth of the sea in any part does not exceed 30,000 feet, or a little more than five miles. This, compared with the diameter of our globe, about 8,000 miles, may be regarded as nothing. What a vast space then, supposing it really hollow, may be contained in its womb, not only for an abundant reservoir of water, but for sources of the volcanic action which occasionally manifests itself in various parts, both of the ocean and *terra firma*. Reasoning from analogy, and from that part of the globe which falls under our inspection, it will appear not improbable that this vast space should not be altogether destitute of its peculiar inhabitants. We know that there are numerous animals on the surface of the globe that conceal themselves in various places in the day time, and only make their appearance in the night. It would, therefore, be perfectly consistent with the general course of God's proceedings, and

in exact harmony with the general features of creation, that he should have peopled the abyss with creatures fitted, by their organization and structure, to live there; and it would not be wonderful that some of the saurian race, especially the marine ones, should have their station in the subterranean waters, which would sufficiently account for their never having been seen except in a fossil state.—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise*, 1. 33.

The author confessedly alludes to the Plesiosaurus, Ichthyosaurus, and their congeners, expressing a belief that the huge eyes of Ichthyosaurus, with their nictitant membrane, enabled these creatures to see in the dark. We merely mention Mr. Kirby's hypothesis, to show that one at least of the *élite* of science holds that marine saurians still exist in a centromundane metropolis of reptiles; our conclusions would rather place these creatures nearer to the atmospheric air, which they certainly breathe. We can scarcely imagine a beast with genuine lungs to have his residence four thousand miles away from any element that he could respire. And, again, our experience in moles, and such like workers underground, is not in favor of their possessing prodigious eyes. But what geological law is violated by Kirby's hypothesis, or by our author's? Who shall say that a tribe of animals is extinct? Does not the crocodile occur in the wealden, cheek-by-jole with the Plesiosaurus?—and do not crocodiles still exist? Is not the elephant both fossil and recent?—is not the hyæna fossil and recent?—do not insects, scarcely distinguishable from our own, exist in the secondary series? We have seen the impressions of the wings of dragon-flies that would defy the scrutiny of an entomologist to distinguish them from those of recent genera. Hence we infer, that although certain species, now found in a fossil state, may perhaps no longer exist in a recent state, yet there is no law of nature, no analogical reasoning, which should forbid the existence of their congeners. Although we may not, perhaps, have the identical species of Plesiosaurus discovered by Miss Anning, and described by Mr. Conybeare, yet there is nothing to forbid the existence of a cognate species! So that it is perfectly consistent with the profoundest discoveries of the geologist to imagine the Enaliosaurians existing in their pristine glory. All that geology would require is, that the Norwegian species should not be identical with those of the lias or the wealden.

Seeing, then, that unquestionable evidence brings before us an animal not known in our methods; seeing that this animal presents many points of similarity to the Enaliosauri; seeing that geology offers no impediment to the supposition that Enaliosauri still exist; we trust that it will neither be considered impossible nor improbable that, in certain unknown forms of the Enaliosauri, a key to the mystery of the sea-serpent will eventually be found.

\* This question seems likely to be set at rest. Since the foregoing observations were in type, we have been favored with a sight of the proof sheets of the "Zoologist" for January, (No. 73.) in which is an authenticated announcement of the discovery of living Enaliosaurians, of immense size, in the Gulf of California.

It were assuredly "a consummation devoutly to be wished," that the animal which has led to so much angry discussion among the learned, should speedily reveal himself in some less "questionable shape" than he has hitherto deigned to assume; and then we can fancy some preappointed Hamlet, in reference to the form in which the beast will probably reveal itself to his astonished gaze, addressing the "dread thing" somewhat in the following fashion:—

Tell

Why thy *long-buried* bones, hearséd in earth,  
Have burst their *cov'rings*! Why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we *thought* thee quietly inurned,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again in *complete flesh*,  
Revisit'st thus the *waters of this world*,  
Making *day* hideous; and we fools of *science*,  
So horribly to shake our *cherished systems*,  
With *things* beyond the *wishes* of our souls!

In these observations, we rather adopt the views of our author than advance them as original. We feel that it is not the province of a review like ours to originate a scientific theory. We are free as the air we breathe, to praise, to bear with, to criticise, or absolutely to annihilate, the hypotheses of others; but we do not advance counter-hypotheses of our own. We hope and believe that the rational mode of estimating the value of evidence by the trustworthiness of the witness—long since admitted in law, but first introduced by Mr. Newman into science—will obtain converts, who will leave no stone unturned until the sea-serpent is either established as a "great fact," or its history proved to be a mere invention. Until that day arrives, we are willing to plead guilty of believing those whose competence to observe is unquestionable, and whose disposition to speak truth is unquestioned.

MASTER HUMPHREY AND LITTLE NELL.—Mr. Dickens, in his new preface to "The Old Curiosity Shop," speaks with regret for the sacrificed Master Humphrey and other machinery of his book adventure, and pays a delicate tribute to Thomas Hood, who led the way with the public to the appreciation of "Little Nell."—*Lit. World*.

"I caused the few sheets of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' which had been printed in connection with it, to be cancelled; and, like the unfinished tale of the windy night and the notary, in 'The Sentimental Journey,' they became the property of the trunk-maker and the butter-man. I was especially unwilling, I confess, to enrich those respectable trades with the opening paper of the abandoned design, in which 'Master Humphrey' described himself and his manner of life. Though I now affect to make the confession philosophically, as referring to a by-gone emotion, I am conscious that my pen winces a little even while I write these words. But it was done, and wisely done, and 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' as originally constructed, became one of the lost books of the earth—which, we all know, are far more precious than any that can be read for love or money.

"In reference to the tale itself, I desire to say very little here. The many friends it has won me, and the many hearts it has turned to me when they

have been full of private sorrow, invest it with an interest, in my mind, which is not a public one, and the rightful place of which appears to be 'a more removed ground.'

"I will merely observe, therefore, that, in writing the book, I had always in my fancy to surround the lonely figure of the child with grotesque and wild, though not impossible companions, and to gather about her innocent face and pure intentions, associates as strange and incongenial as the grim objects that are about her bed when her history is first fore-shadowed.

"I have a mournful pride in one recollection associated with 'Little Nell.' While she was yet upon her wanderings, not then concluded, there appeared in a literary journal, an essay of which she was the principal theme, so earnestly, so eloquently, and tenderly appreciative of her, and of all her shadowy kith and kin, that it would have been insensibility in me, if I could have read it without an unusual glow of pleasure and encouragement. Long afterwards, and when I had come to know him well, and to see him, stout of heart, going slowly down into his grave, I knew the writer of that essay to be THOMAS HOOD."

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF POMPEII.—A new painting has been added to Mr. Burford's panoramic rooms in Leicester Square—a picture of Pompeii. The circle is small, and the picture is brought close to the spectator; it is painted with proportionate care and finish. The view of the ancient city is taken from the forum; and the spectator is in the very midst of the ruined streets. A few stragglers in modern costume are sauntering among the columns; on the banks of the soil which has covered the city of the past, a few Neapolitan peasants are sporting; around—towards the north-east stretches the plain, to the vast amphitheatre of mountains, above which towers Vesuvius—to the south-west is the bay of Sorrento, opening into the sea. In the foreground, the stone ruins stand forth sharply; every column well defined, every brick and cornice. The plain is clothed with the olive and the vine. There you see Torre del Greco, memorable for its familiarity with the eruptions; there Castellamare, with its strange rock in the waters. The mountains are more peaked and projecting in sharper ridges than the Apennines of Central Italy—more varied and beautiful, both in shape and tint.

It is a scene of spacious grandeur and piquant beauty; uniting the lovely and the terrible, the present and the antique. Even in those columns, and the fragmentary pictures of the ruined city, beauty appears to assert an immortality and to defy destruction. The work is executed with a congenial feeling for the scene, and with all Mr. Burford's practised skill; Mr. Selous aiding in the labor.—*Spectator*, 23 Dec.

We understand that Dr. Bowring, whose eminent qualifications as a linguist are so well known, has been appointed her majesty's consul at Canton. The learned gentleman has long been in a state of health which required his residence in a warmer climate.—*Times*.

AMONG some timber sold by auction in London last week, were 3,980 pieces of oak from Mount Olympus.

SIXTY-TWO crows have been killed in a hedge at Coynton, a parish in Scotland, by a flash of lightning, which struck the hedge where a large number of the birds had congregated.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## MEMOIR OF A SONG.

Oh, that I were the viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A breathing harmony!

I AM an old song now, and have been often sung. Mine has been a long and brilliant career; and though now put on the shelf amid the dust of departed forefathers, let me, ere I sink into annihilation, retrace the early years of my glorious being, when I flew triumphant from throat to throat, roused the heart, and filled the eyes of men with tears of gladness, sympathy, and love.

I am by birth an Italian. I was created by the maestro in his twenty-fifth year. It was while rocking lazily on the moonlit lagunes of Venice that I first became conscious of existence: in the magic hall of the brain I first bestirred my wings, but found the quarters too confined for my ambitious and expanding energies. I was, however, allowed to move, as the Scotch say, "butt and ben," between the head and the heart, for from both I sprang. Ay, thy life-blood, poor Stefano, ran in my veins, with the wild fire of its burning passion, and the pathos of its sombre melancholy, indelibly impressed on the wild earnestness of my adagio and the marvellous rapture of my allegro! The author of my being had been a poet and a musician from his earliest years. In the poverty-stricken home of his father there were few opportunities for the improvement of any but such a one as Stefano. His was the heart to which all Nature speaks in her fondest and deepest tones; the airy tongue that addressed the spirit of Stefano whispered ceaselessly in the ear willing to hear, of all that was beautiful, poetic, and ennobling.

Now to return to myself. Shall I tell the secrets of the brain? Shall I reveal to Mr. Faraday the electric flashes which accompanied my gradual formation in the thoughts and will of my creator? Shall I trace my being back to its first dawn, through its gradual perfecting, to the full splendor of its perfect organization, when, consigned to the throat of a great prima donna, I first spread my wings and sailed forth triumphant, conquering and to conquer?

It was fully two years from the time that the first bars of my being were laid down in the brain to that when, in an hour of despair, agony, and insanity, I was put down upon paper and brought out into the world. Talk of Minerva, all ready armed, leaping, bucklered and helmeted, from the brain of Jove! what was *her* start into life compared to mine! In me were centred a thousand perfections, for I came adorned and crowned with Love's idolatry,—an offering, a dying offering, to the only woman Stefano ever loved in his life. Of course, I was in all his secrets. Giulia was a young actress—you do not need a description of her, she is in all the London print-shops; but yet she is not now as she was *then*. Ah! *era stella del mattino*. Originally a flower-girl at Florence, she had a voice of three octaves and two notes, a head of glorious form, and a face of enchanting

loveliness. At sixteen, she had the grace of a nymph and the ease of a child. She was taken in hand by old Giorgio, and taught to sing, some time before she learnt to write or read. She was the strangest girl,—a mixture of vanity, vice, fascination, and good-nature, with some superstitions, that made her very diverting when she took a fit of fright about a new character. I know that she vowed fifteen pounds to St. Mark if she got through the *Casta Diva*, with an *encore* to the quick part. By the way, I have a spite at *Casta Diva* ever since she was preferred to me at the San Carlo. But to return. This Giulia was the very girl to drive Stefano crazy. He imagined he saw her enacting the part of Zara in his *Montezuma*. He followed her everywhere. He besieged her with bouquets, letters, and songs. One night he set forth, and stood in a severe shower beneath her window.

*Giovinetto cavalier!* sung out Giulia from an attic window.

This was enough for Stefano. He thought he was in high favor, and the next idea was to sing with her on the stage. This was a hope, however, too brilliant to be fulfilled. "Oh, how blessed an existence," he thought, "to sing, to act, to feel that idealized brief life of the stage, true to one's own heart!" He went to the *impresario*. Pisani was a courteous and kind Italian. He would do his *possibile* to get him a place in the chorus; the opera in preparation was the *Barbiere*. Well, he might stand beneath Rosina's window, and sing among the tenors.

*Oh, obbligato, mille grazie!* cried Stefano, and he went off as happy as if he had just found fifty pounds in his empty pockets.

For those who like it, it is a charming thing singing in a chorus: to the real lover of the stage, to the real denizen of the green room, this will be easily explained. To feel that one forms one billow of that tide of music—to feel that one is joining in the ruling passion of a multitude, and making one's own noise besides—all this combines to create an elevated feeling of enjoyment and delicious excitement. The eventful rehearsal came; into the dim, dark, nasty theatre, walked Stefano, very triumphant. There stood the pale, ill-washed chorus; the dirty scenes; the disenchanting gardens of the Spaniard's home; and lolling on a chair, sipping *eau sucrée*, in a filthy white shawl, with an old handkerchief over her head, sat the Giulia, very tarnished and shabby, certainly. People who know nothing about these things are fond of saying and believing, that all the falsehood of the stage, all the vain trickery of the performers, cure the too-ardent admirer in the morning of the passion that he felt at night in an illuminated theatre. This is far from being altogether true. On the contrary, to some minds the slovenliness of a great performer becomes a superb mystery, when from that cloud of physical drawbacks emerge in power the grandeur, the unique talents, the charms of genius and beauty. Thus felt Stefano, when, after contemplating in silence the baggy outline of



the great signora's head, the orchestra struck up the air she was to introduce as the famous music lesson. It was ill played: the fury started up. She threw off her head-dress and dashed it to the ground; tore open her shawl to give her arms fair play; then, with a roll of music as a wand of witchery and command, she came forward, and there stood revealed *la dea di tutti cor*. Subtle as quicksilver, her voice twisted through the intricate *fioriture* of her song. The air seemed illuminated in Stefano's eyes by the delight that he felt. How he envied the tenor! Even the Barber's part would have been something. Well, he would be patient and sing his best. That very Thursday he finished my adagio. He wrote me down on paper, but I was voiceless as yet almost. He could only sob me out, poor Stefano! at intervals. He was unfortunately situated. Ah, Stefano, you and I should have existed in the golden days of the song-loving Past—in Greece, when the lyre gave life, love, and livelihood! Stefano was poor to misery, very much in love, and only in the chorus at a very low engagement. These were depressing circumstances.

A fortnight after, Stefano received an intimation from the *impresario* that Don Basilio was sick, and that he might take his part for that night. Stefano was half-crazed with delight: he was getting on in the world. That evening he wrote down the brilliant passage in my third page; he polished my new cadenza, and added a chromatic flourish to my recitative. I was daily improving now.

That evening Stefano was in good voice. He had risen to the dignity of an actor, and Giulia spoke to him; and he stood at the side of the stage listening enraptured to the mellow tones of love-making on the stage. He was not jealous of the tenor, for he had a squint and large family. And then it was so charming the way that Giulia came forth, to curtsy with enchanting coquetry, and sing, in round, crisp tones, her *Buona sera, buona sera*, as he retreated, bowing truly in spirit to her. Then he was asked to supper, and he went. It was an extremely lively and amusing meal; light wines, and light laughing, and light talking: very pleasant for Stefano, who had never before felt so great a man. When he came home, I lay sulking in a drawer. I was pitched too high for him that night.

The next day Stefano twanged away at the guitar songs of successful love; foolish things, how I hated them! silly addresses to Nice, *mio ben*, and *idol mio*. In my silent, tragic greatness, I lay, and could have gnashed my notes for fury. Well, well, my time was coming. Stefano scraped together all his money to purchase a pearl ring, and he sent it to Giulia. She put it on her lovely little finger, and she acted Ninetta that night. Stefano sang the part of Pippo *faute de mieux*, in the way of a contralto. It was at a small Italian theatre, and Giulia was only rising into fame. He got through it wonderfully well, and acted the part in the most impassioned manner.

That evening he told Giulia that he would die for her. She thought the compliment well chosen, and returned it with stating that she meant to live for him. Oh, those light stage vows and green-room promises! Well, this was the state of affairs for one fortnight; they acted together, and never better than one evening, the last but two of their engagement. The walls of the town were chalked all over with homage to Giulia: *Eterno onore all' immortale sirene! Divina Giulia!* and a few other such truisms.

Two idle young Englishmen came to Ferrara. What was to be seen? "Oh, horrid place!—ducal palace—Parisina—wicked woman—poem by Byron, and all that sort of thing."

"There's an opera," said Lord Vane; "let's go."

"Ah! what is it?"

"Semiramide—Giulia."

"Well, let us go."

So they went to the little, dark theatre, filled with the gentry and *beau monde* of Ferrara.

"Pon my honor, not so bad," said one.

"Very good," said Lord Vane.

He leant over the box—he was interested; and a chorus of women struck up the magic music of the *Serena i Vaghi rai*. How grandly lovely was Giulia in her despotic tenderness! There was a contralto, with an ill-conditioned turban on her head, for Arsace; but regal was the love-making of Giulia. And how grandly did she summon the Assyrian courtiers to do their homage to her! *Giuri, a sommi dei*. There was a superb tyranny in her cadences and imperial embellishments. Stefano gloried in her every note; there was not a brighter face than his in the theatre. It was a sight of rapture and triumph to him—that rapture in the triumph of another that has not even the restlessness of vanity to irritate and mar its enjoyment.

Giulia yet stood in her crimson robes and diadem when Lord Vane addressed her. He spoke French and Italian beautifully. The Italian, subtle from the time that she had cut her first tooth, soon saw and enjoyed the admiration of one man and the frantic jealousy of another. Next evening a diamond ring effaced the pale pearl one on her hand; the engagement at the theatre was prolonged for an additional week. The English mil-lor and his admiration of the prima donna was no secret subject of conversation; cruel vanity and heartlessness shone in the fiery glances of Giulia. It was one evening, the last of the stay of the opera troupe, that Stefano made his way alone into the presence of Giulia. It was after the performance. She had gone home to her lodgings, and it was late when Stefano rushed up the stairs that led to her apartment. He knocked hurriedly.

*Chi c'è?* said the sweet treble voice.

*Son io!* shrieked Stefano, as he burst in. He laid hold of her, and shook her till her teeth chattered, then fell down on his knees, and rolling himself on the ground, made abject protestations of despair and devotion.

*Prendi l' anel ti dono*, said Giulia, retreating with a scornful grin, and tossing his ring in his poor face. He seized it, and bit the slight gold circlet in two.

*Mangi pure*, said the malicious woman.

With a scream he seized hold of her, and clasped her in his arms—

*Eh m' ami ancora, dimmi che m' ami.*

*Sicuro, mia vita!* said Giulia.

So Stefano was pacified, like a silly young man as he was, and they sat down. Giulia opened the window, and hung her head out. She wrapped a mantilla round her, and hummed *Di tanti Palpiti*. Then she stopped, and there was a silence for a little while. At last there followed the sound of shuffling feet, and the soft, mellow twang of guitars—that sound full of warmth and starlight to me; and then there rose up a serenade. *Addio, Delizia*, came over and over again from a band of men's voices. Stefano was silent, till the old landlady entered.

*Una serenata, signorina mia, dalla parte di milor; sicuro dalla parte di milor.*

Stefano asked no more, the Italian blood was lit up with the fury of long-suppressed revenge; he flew on the old woman and nearly strangled her.

*Ahi! Soccorso! aiuta! aiuta!* And the yells of the two women brought up the whole street to the door in two minutes. Stefano met Lord Vane, who gave him a good beating; and then, dashing through the crowd, he made his way home. He never saw Giulia again. Early next morning he received an intimation that his services were no longer required; that his cadences were as incorrect as his conduct; that Signor Baretti, from Milan, had kindly consented to take all his parts; and that the *corps* wished him health and much prosperity in the book-binding line, to which he had been apprenticed when they first had the honor of his acquaintance. He got the letter, and lay staring at it for some time; and then he heard the sound of carriages, and looked out in the street. The *corps opératique* were departing for Bologna, and with it light, love, life, and hope, and all the ambitious aspirations of genius. There is no such thing as genius without ambition; there is no such object in creation as genius without a pole-star for its thoughts, hopes and aims. That aim may be fame, or love, or power; generally it is all three at once. In the case of Stefano it was so. Those strolling players, with their bales of trumpery and tinsel, were all the world to him; most contemptible, or most tremendous engine, the drama—the stage—the play; that subtle theatrical influence, that throws its baleful rose-pink hue over the very face of heaven, and the fresh green glories of Nature—who can trace its many-shaped disguises, its pernicious and transfiguring might! Seducing beyond all other enchantments, it colors the face of reality only to corrupt and destroy all nature and truth. Miserable delusion! Let the lives and sins of the denizens of the green-room declare loudly the downward tendency of

that idolatry of representation which fills the theatres of my native land.

I belong to no opera, mark, O reader! I stand alone; a private history is written in my pages. I wish to keep my incog., so shall say no more; but I have been introduced into many operas, and have made my appearance at the Philharmonic, and the Hanover Square Rooms have rung with my fame. Ah, it is a fine thing, I assure you, to be a popular song! The worst of it is, that popularity puts one into the vile interior of a hurdy-gurdy; and we all know how unrevenged have been the most cold-blooded murders of our ill-used class. *Di Piacere* once said to me at a concert, that he had overheard Lady——call him a “tiresome old thing,” and wonder how any one could like him. Poor, dear old bravura, I was sorry for him. Ah, I was in the heyday of my youth then!

Well, Stefano—master, father, creator—let me return to thy parting hour with me. I was thy favorite child, for I was with thee in thy agonies. Tell me, dost thou, from beyond the stars, still listen to the melody thy heart sent forth like the dying swan? Dost thou remember *me*, the Ariel and familiar of thy spirit? Didst thou hope, that night we parted, that I should float upwards to thy soul's home, on the tones of that harmonious voice to whom thou didst dedicate my existence?

It was, I suppose, about half-past ten at night, when I felt myself rudely laid hold of, and crushed in a trembling and burning hand. A pen and wild blotches of ink soon made me what I am now: a stern and awful despair reigned throughout me. I felt myself growing rapidly as my creator wrote; an electrifying chord stunned me. I was almost shivered by a sudden plunge into the key of D five flats. I melted into the minor; I wailed, I lamented awhile there; then sharp throes shot through me in chromatic runs. I quavered beneath a shake on G, again I relapsed into a regretful minor, then I gasped in broken snatches of recitative, and then I hurried on to my termination. It warms my old tones to think of myself as I *have* been sung. Mine was a glorious ending in a full storm of musical passion: runs that swept through the whole range of the voice; shakes that tore the air; notes up! up! like a daring rocket to the skies; and tones sinking low, as if overwhelmed with the weight of sorrow and despair. It has been well remarked of me, that I am of no age, country, or school. I might have been the wrathful farewell of an ancient Greek; Medea might have sent me to the false Jason; Sappho might have united me to her own words. I have always thought my style was more antique than modern; and every wretch that sings imagines that he can interpret me! I should take a lifetime to study! One woman only has ever entered completely into my meaning, and she was not the person for whom I was written.

I did not hear myself speak the first night of my creation. I only knew that I existed. The tears

of my creator fell over my face—such tears as only the children of music and poetry can shed. I lay before him like his own heart, torn asunder, and exposed to view; there lay imprinted the terrible earnestness of his sufferings—a Song! No! I was a death-cry, a dirge, written in blood and gall. Since that night I have appeared in the dress of fifty different editions, none of which to my heart can ever be so dear as that first garment which I wore in my master's presence—a dirty, begrimed, blotted, and blurred sheet of flimsy paper, dearer far than the gilded books in which I have since revelled as an honored guest. Stefano finished; the pen was still in his hand. He wrote on my brow, *Addio, Giulia!* and pressed the name to his white lips; then he laid me down, and looked on me as one to whom he would consign his dying wishes. He laid his faint head on my breast, and tears and sobs passed through me, and filled my spirit with a stormy sorrow. I earnestly trusted that I might stick in the throat of the wretched woman who had caused all this misery.

Oh! ye men and women who have written on the sufferings of the ill-conditioned children of genius, with the kind intention of proving that it is all their own fault, had you been in the way of my experience you would be more merciful in your judgment. I know, allow me to say, better than any one, the secrets of passionate suffering; and had you ever lived as I have done, for several months, in the fitful cells of an excited brain, you would bless your good fortune for your own stupidity. Extreme nervous susceptibility is the price paid for being a poet; and if you are a musician into the bargain, I assure you the thoughts, and airs, and rhymes in your head, have very indifferent treatment, inflammatory food, and frequently an unexpected and lamentable conclusion.

The last time I saw poor Stefano's face, he was sealing me up in a blank cover. Next morning there was a crimson pool at the door, when a servant passed early in the morning, and it was found that the maestro had cut his throat!

This added a tragical interest to my *début*. I was sent to Giulia. When she took me out of the cover, I looked up into her face; she was looking very handsome; her hands were cold as they clasped me; she laid me on the music-desk and turned me over; she hummed a bar or two, invoked the aid of the Virgin, and attempted my allegro. How I gloried in my own difficulties!—she could hardly read me properly, for Giulia was only gifted with a glorious organ and a subtle ear. She had not the pure ore of genius, which combines science and poetry; her physical splendor was unequalled in Europe, but she had not one spark of devotional feeling in her whole being. She turned me over and over, but into my heart she could not make her way. At last she tossed me aside and carolled away at Rode's air—a trumpery twaddle, in my opinion. A foolish fellow he is, too. He is so vain of having been Sontag's pet; but he is as noisy and as empty as a

drum, and I wonder how he has made his way so well in the world.

The evening after my arrival Giulia invited some friends to supper. It was after the opera, and I still lay unnoticed on the spot where she had thrown me down in despair in the morning. I listened with some anxiety to the conversation of those around me. My ambitious hopes urged me to wish for a successful *début*. I trembled lest I should be misrepresented on my entrance into life, and I feared, above all things, being first interpreted by Giulia. I knew that she would drag me down to her own level; and thus, defenceless, passive, and hopeless I lay, my leaves trembling in the soft wind that floated through the open window overlooking the Lung' Arno of Florence.

They were very merry, those actors and actresses. The glitter of their professional life follows them everywhere. Once on the high road to fame—a way strewn with gold and flowers—how light and intoxicating becomes the atmosphere that surrounds the successful singer! They have all the love—the composer all the labor. Poor Stefano, how have thy blood and thy tears rested heavy on my spirit, when I have sailed forth triumphant on the air that beat and fluttered with the raving applauses of hundreds and hundreds! At such times I feel that I am the proud offspring of an inspired father; and I glory in the tears that I have wrung from radiant eyes, believing such to be the best peace-offering to an unavenged and complaining shade.

In the mean time Giulia sang, and laughed, and coquetted; and at last she spoke of my arrival and previous melancholy history. She put on a pretty air of sentiment, and even wiped her eyes when she mentioned Stefano's name. She laid me in the hands of the buffo singer; and he, putting on his most admired Leporello grimace, chanted forth my first bar in a style that almost made me laugh at myself.

*Brutta assai! questa romanza mi pare*, said the tenor, still engaged with the eatables.

*Senti un po'!* said Giulia; and she sang a most indecent caricature of my finale, bearing false witness to every cadence and every measure.

How I was banged about that night! No song of my rank ever suffered so much from the calumny of human beings; yet I felt proudly conscious that I was misunderstood—that I was a stranger of an illustrious birth, thrown by an evil charm amid a class incapable of comprehending my elevation and dignity; and, like an unrecognized prince, I resolved to bide my time, and trust to the all-pervading power of truth to place me in my right position in the world. The gay Giulia finished me with an exaggerated flourish, then rolled me up and tossed me up to the ceiling, from whence I fell at the foot of a silent and thoughtful-looking young man. He picked me up, looked me through, and put me in his pocket. Soon after he took me home. I found myself in a small lodging in a street of Florence. The mean room contained only a bed,



a chair, and a table; a violin case lay on the latter, some rosin and music-paper beside it. This young fellow, Spiridion Balbi, I found was of Greek and Venetian combination, by means of an Ionian mother and an Italian father. He had left the island where he was born at an early age, and had become a violinist of some note in Italy. He was playing in the orchestra of the Pergola at the time that I first saw him. He took out his violin, and swept over some chords in a masterly manner. Ah! what a flood of rich and exquisite sounds! He opened me up, and, for the first time, I felt my every fibre vibrate and live in his hands. I felt my latent powers distend and swell into majesty, and my might extend through the airy empire of sound. Joy! glory! and honor to thee, Spiro mio! for that first interpretation of me to myself. I felt then that I stood alone, the *loveliest* harmony ever created! I only wanted my words; but who could have missed them, really, amid the passionate weeping and wailing of that marvellous catgut! The violin had all the ecstasy of the human voice in Spiro's hands. He sang, he spoke, he cried, he shrieked, he laughed by turns on the strings of that magical instrument. He played me through three times that night. I admired myself more and more. I became insatiable, as a young beauty for many mirrors to reflect her charms. At last the violin was laid down, and a female step was heard at the door.

*Posso entrare*, said the voice of a girl. And Spiro replied by opening the door; and I saw a young, slight figure enter. I had never, I thought, seen beauty before. Giulia appeared coarse beside the heavenly outline of Xanthi. Her hair was bound round her head like a golden glory; her eyes were blue; her face and brow white, as if her life had been passed in seclusion even from the warm glances of the sun; and there was a languid and careless grace about every movement, that might have suited a sultana in the prime of her days.

*Signor*, she said, respectfully, *la cena è preparata*.

*Bellissima verrò! ma pria, ascolti un po'.*

The girl seated herself and listened. She hid her face in her hands, and my voice rose up. Tears forced themselves into the great eyes of Xanthi, so touching was the tale that I told of injured love and dying reproach. That room for me was transformed into an enchanted palace. I glorified the air with my breath, and sighed out my soul in a wordless song of rapturous perfection.

"Oh!" cried Xanthi, "to sing that and die, signor!"

"Live to sing it, rather," said Spiro.

"I shall never sing it," said the girl, sadly.

"If you could! When you can, you will be the greatest singer in Europe," said Spiro.

"Ah!" sighed Xanthi, "how does the Signora Giulia sing it, pray?"

"Very like the cat," replied Spiro.

Ah, *me ne godo!* cried Xanthi, suddenly. And she took me up to muse over me for a few moments,

while Spiro played a strain of enchanting beauty; and I began to feel myself in the good society of such airs as *Adelaide*, *Non più di fior*, *Perfida Clori*. It was with the first of these that I have always maintained the strictest friendship. Long may that dear and esteemed harmony hold her place and rank in Pischek's throat; and may no upstart standard-bearers supersede her claims to notice and respect. We old songs have a great deal to put up with from the rising generation of songlets, ariettas, and above all, that impertinent sutler's girl, the *Figlia*, as she is familiarly called. On this subject I cannot contain my indignation. That snob, *Ciascun lo dice*, holds his head very high; but let him tremble. I heard him on the Pan's pipe last Thursday morning: and our butcher's boy thinks nothing of whistling him on the area steps!

I have not always dwelt in "marble halls." I have followed on the steps of adversity and ruin. I would not wish only to tickle the ears of rich fools and the outer skin of gay hearts. My desire for public life remained for many months ungratified. My first professor revealed me to no one. He was a strange, vain, idle, fantastic wretch, that Spiro Balbi. I am sure the ancient secret of the Greek fire lay in his veins. He lived in a world of wonderful fancies; his plans were to regenerate the world by means of music—to organize a Greek republic with a senate of fine tenors, and a choir of good basses for church matters. In the mean time he entered into an Italian conspiracy, *pour passer le temps*. It was in the Austrian States that he made his *début* as an agitator. He, and two dozen other poor boys, after exciting their patriotic feelings to madness by noisy singing and rabid speeches, committed some excess at the Opera House, and they were lodged in gaol that night. The only things that Spiro contrived to take with him were a flute and myself!

And he played in his dungeon. I floated through the dark, dank air, and I was happy in my own existence—as happy that night, and happier, than the brilliant evening that I revelled beneath the gilded ceilings of the Tuileries, and Belgiojoso pronounced me worthy of my fame, Spiro was sent to a fortress! Bah! the emperor could not put me under lock and key. I am like the air, a "charactered libertine;" and a glorious life of ubiquity has mine been since then. I am here! I am there! I am everywhere! My being extends from Calcutta to Paris. At the same instant of time I live fifty times. Swifter than the *Tempest's* Ariel, I fly round the earth more nimbly than thought. Once created, my existence is of indefinite length. Forgetfulness is my only dread. I tremble lest I should go out of print—then, I imagine, the sufferings of a song must be indeed dreadful. A silent shade longing in vain to unburden its sorrows, and hovering round the spot of its past pleasures, is the only thing to which I can compare the state of a musical phantom. I shall never forget what I felt at hearing an interesting little old Scotch ballad tell the

story of its restoration from a long trance—a crotchety little old thing it was, too, but an air full of character and feeling. He had been born before the battle of Bannockburn, and had felt himself dying by degrees, until he only lay asleep in the mind and half effaced from the memory of an old nurse. Mercifully she hummed him to a sick child one day; the lady of the house overheard her, rescued my poor friend from oblivion, and, with the cordial of a good accompaniment, he is now going about the world as active as ever he was. I remember, too, I was at the Ancient Concerts the night that Prince Albert caused the unlooked-for resurrection of that glorious old warrior, *Chanson de Roland*. He had been almost in a dying state for several hundred years. He who had been borne on the breath of Taille-fer, he who had been chanted by the Normans of the Conqueror, lay silent and neglected in some dark hole for centuries of suffering! Imagine, I beseech you, what his feelings must have been to find himself in Mario's throat, flung out into the nineteenth century, in the very teeth of such fops as "*Voi che sapete, Quel bricconcel Amore*," and so on. It was a night of triumph such as seldom falls to the lot of any song!

I remained in perfect seclusion with my master. It was only at night that I came forth, to wander awhile about his dungeon and hover round the bars of his prison window, yet there I felt the mission of music was indeed gloriously fulfilled. I was the spirit of love and hope, that fluttered above a worn and weary head, to anoint it with the dews of fresh enjoyment, and strengthen it to bear the wrongs and cruelty of man.

But Spiro sickened—the hand grew faint, and the voice low; the days grew short and dim, and in the long nights, who crept to the prison window still to listen and cry, as if her heart would break! —Lötchen was an officer's daughter, a girl of fifteen, with no great looks, and a tough voice; as unruly as a wild horse on the prairie; but the heart! there lay her matchless power!

One evening she came with her father into the prisoner's cell, and, with a red face and stammering tongue, begged to know the name of the air.

*Cos'è? Cos'è?* muttered poor Spiro. The girl, with difficulty, replied in my first bar. *Ah, ma brava!* said the dying musician. He took me out and once more he played me through, but cried out, "Nothing for this but the violin or the voice;" and a violin reached him next day, and Lisa came once more and sat down to listen to such a lesson as she never received before or since. It was a revelation, more than a lesson. I remember that night I felt much solemnized; I was the last gasp of the dying Spiro; all the glory of his race and his lost land seemed to lighten up his brow before we parted. It may be hard for flesh and blood to part, but the spirits of the living and the dead shall meet again. But for me, what remains hereafter? To wander hither and thither, and find no place in the choirs of heaven, for I have not a tinge of sacredness in

my being. I am all earthly fire, and must perish with the things of earth; unlike the holy songs, the spiritual strains which have breathed above the fires of martyrdom, I may not hope to unite myself to the eternal melodies of heaven. Oh, that I were Mozart's *Agnus Dei*! oh, that I breathed the words of ineffable sweetness and the harmony that is a foretaste of the peace beyond all understanding!

I remained at my master's pillow till he died. It was a sad and fearful separation—the thoughts of the mind and the departing soul. My image became overclouded, my voice rung faint in his ears, and at last I lay again alone and cold on my crumpled sheet of paper.

Lisa took me to herself. I was put into a drawer, and time passed on. I became impatient of my long seclusion, and was truly glad to find myself packed up to go to Vienna. Lisa was to study as a music-teacher, not for the stage, she said; but there is no believing the sincerity of a woman's intentions when under orchestral influence.

It was strange that Lisa never took me to her class; she kept me under lock and key, and I only had exercise at night, when other things were done; then Lisa took me from my cell to sing me and cry over me, and despair over my difficulties.

No one knows what a life I led then—banged about, transposed into a key below my taste, maimed, murdered, suffocated, brought to life again; no one can tell what racking tortures I suffered. Oh, Stefano! Spiro! did you hear my cries in the invisible world where ye dwelt!—I, your child, your beloved, thus ill-used and deprived of the glory that was my due from my birth.

Lisa was a very persevering girl; she had a heart, but it was a German heart, and that did not quite suit me as an Italian born and bred. She ploughed me up fearfully, and there was none of the vindictive grace of an ancient fury in the turn she gave to my final measures. I remained only a half-disclosed mystery to her. What was to become of me? I should, perhaps, be brought out at the Mannheim Opera House, and find myself degraded and lost forever to all hope of success. In the mean time, Lisa labored ten hours a day, with a voice as tough as shoe-leather, and hoarse and uncertain; but on she went, as dogged in her obstinate industry as if she were doing something wrong; in which case people always are obstinate, I have observed, especially the women. Well, time and practice do wonders, and Lisa determined to go to England and try her fortune; and I was to go to England—to London—the promised land of needy genius, where princely pay is offered for what most of them, honest people, don't understand. But no, let me be fair; I am now indulging in the clap-trap of Italians and such "*Children of the Sun*," and the stage! I will tell the truth. Of all poetry, give me the poetry of an English heart. Poetry, not selfish passion usurping the name. Give me the refined intellectual love of idealized nature, which has dictated the chaste gayety of Milton's *Allegro*,

and the healthy, wholesome loveliness, that shines on the face of the poethood of Britain. Honor to thee, little, chill, north-western isle! Set in the grey waters of a disagreeable channel, thou art the home of holy and homely affections. I have felt humbled to the dust before an English ballad, ridiculous enough, too; but it was so good a creature, breathing of simple, pure affections, and all that language of the heart which touches in prose or poetry. The poetry of common life; there the British bards and singers reign, indeed, alone!

We came to England; it was the beginning of the season; May was showing her dear, smiling, face, over the very chimney-pots of the great city. And that great city! the annual fever was beginning to throb in her veins, and the opera house was open, and concerts were ringing through the Hanover Square rooms, morning, noon, and night, and my poor Lisa wanted to sing at "the Ancients." Alas! I feared that Madame Vestris would have been as likely to perform some Olympic *espièglerie* on that platform, as my poor Lisa to bring me before an admiring public. She had a letter of introduction to the *élite* of the musical world of London; and to the tender mercies of Lord Gorehampton she was expressly commended by her *ci-devant* master at Vienna. The nobleman asked a few select friends to dinner, and Lisa was to be trotted out in the evening, and her merits to be decided on. Poor girl! she took me from my portfolio, and sang me through six times before breakfast. It was a fearful ordeal that she had to go through. She went at ten, as she was ordered to do, and found Lady Gorehampton, who was slightly deaf, asleep on a sofa. A page awakened her, and she begged Lisa to take a seat, and then looked through her portfolio. I was looked at, and passed over, and at last the gentlemen entered. The party consisted of Lord Gorehampton, a nobleman of well-known musical enthusiasm. He had written sixteen MS. operas, and several things which he called airs of his own. It was giving himself very great airs to call them so. He had kindly patronized Pasta, and had done a great deal for Catalani; the Philharmonic would have been at zero without him, and the ancients looked to him as a tower of strength. He sat in an arm-chair, with his eyes on the ceiling, looking fiddles and kettle-drums at everybody, beating time on his snuff-box to a march played by his lady from his own opera of *Edmondo Ironsides*, an Anglo-Saxon *spectacle* with British music.

The next distinguished personage was the Hon. Harry —, an *aging* tenor, full of airs, (not of music though,) with a much finer manner than he had a voice, and looks more saucy than supercilious. He had been the "tame man" of fashionable singers for many a long year, and he had been the Rubini of his own set until he far surpassed the great tenore in consequential capers. There was, besides, a spiteful middle-aged bass, a Mr. Melville, and an old gentleman whom every

one declared to be a person of exquisite taste—for nothing, however, but his dinners, that I could see or discover. This was the party, with the addition of one more gentleman, who arrived late.

I was looked through.

*Stefano! Ah, non lo conosco!* murmured Lord Gorehampton. He spoke Italian on high days and holydays. He begged to be spared the infliction of any obscure music, and invited Lisa to try her mettle on an aria for William the Conqueror in the grand opera of *The Norman Conquest*, written by himself. He kindly sat down to accompany, and I listened to a performance of loathsome length. Such an indecent clattering of ivory I never before gave ear to. It was a mixture of Balfe and Bunn, and a delicious dash of Donizetti's dregs. Shade of Orpheus! Had you only heard the imbecile pomp of the conclusion, you would have dashed your golden lyre from the seventh heavens down on the nodding head of his lordship of Gorehampton, and have silenced him thus forever!

He was just finishing his air on the unusual word in an Italian song, *Felicità, felicità!* when the door opened and a gentleman entered, and approached the piano.

"Ah! there you are! Good night, Vane, I'm busy, you see, as usual. Just listen to this idea of a Norman-Gothic cadence," and my lord plunged both his hands into a flat ninth, and then danced up and down like a cat's fugue for a few minutes, then he stopped and looked up.

"It's more Danish, do you know, I think," said Lord Vane, quite gravely.

"Oh, my dear fellow, excuse me there!" cried the performer. "This is Gubba the Dane's flourish, you know, in *The Herdsman's Cake*."

"Ah, yes!" said Vane, with an assumption of interest, the rogue. "By the bye, when is your *King Alfred* to appear? Can't you get *some* of the airs sung at 'the Ancients'?"

"Why, no," said Lord Gorehampton. "You see they won't sing things there till one is dead. It is a great bore that one must die first one's self. Is n't it, now?"

"A shameful regulation!" said Vane; and to conceal a smile, he began to examine me. I saw his noble and intelligent face, and longed to be introduced to his notice and love. He soon became absorbed in me. He put me on the music-desk. "You will sing this for me," he said, to the trembling Lisa.

She sat down, and, with a voice veiled with fear of failure, she breathed me forth. I only half existed on paper, it was while floating through space that I truly lived and felt the joy and glory of life. I passed through those mirrored and gilded chambers, and felt that splendor added no ray to my own brightness. Better to rise up beneath the humble roof of a cabin encircled by loving hearts and longing ears, than under the cold gilding of a palace with a fool on the music-stool. Lisa could not give me my full honors, but she was true and good as far as she went. She had



the artistic heart of a faithful disciple, and she interpreted clearly the outline of my intentions. Vane listened attentively, and soon after went away. The evening concluded with another selection of airs from Gubba's *répertoire*, and then we went home;—home to dreary lodgings, such as foreign song-birds must have for their cage in London. And the prospects of Lisa darkened daily; she put me away from her sight, and it was only by a chance opening of my portfolio that I overheard the following dialogue between Lisa and an old friend, a dancer, whom she had known at Vienna:—

"Ah, yes, it is a fine thing to be a prima donna! Fancy Giulia getting her two and three hundred a night, while we have to starve and dance for twenty." So sighed Mademoiselle Carlotta, in a pink gingham, and white satin shoes with orange bindings. "And she is such a vain wretch, and so shabby to the chorus! Fancy her poor women, who attend her in all her deaths and faints, not to speak of other things, never get a farthing from her. And she never pays her Medea and Norma brats; not a bit, poor things! Besides, she is a pest to the prompter, and a disgrace to the profession. Ah, well, it's a fine thing to be a prima donna! But I don't want to have diamond shoe-ties at the expense of my peace of mind. I could not do the pirouette with any weight on my conscience."

"Lord Vane admires her, does he not?"

"Oh, that is an old story! Oh, yes, I dare say. Who does not *admire* her? But I am sure he cannot *esteem* her; and what is love without respect?" said Carlotta, with much dignity. "However, she expects to be a viscountess some fine day. *Vedremo noi altri.*"

That evening Lisa sat alone, musing over the past and the gloomy present. She heard voices on the stair, and her landlady entered. She said that there was a lady below asking, she supposed, for lodgings, but that she could not comprehend her; and she begged Lisa to come and help her, for Lisa spoke a little English. A stranger stood on the stair; she wished for lodgings; she had just come from abroad, and was anxious, if possible, to procure them that night. She was established accordingly in a room next Lisa's. She went to bed early, and Lisa saw no more of her that night.

It was about noon next day that a note reached Lisa. It was an offer to her to sing, at the Ancient Concert of the following Wednesday, the piece performed at Lord Gorehampton's. Lisa almost fell on her knees with gratitude, and accepted the engagement without delay. Then, poor girl, she hurried out to buy gloves, a wreath, and a pair of new shoes, and I was left alone.

"Ho, ho!" I thought, "now my time is come. I feel frightened rather. Ahem! I wonder how I shall sound." Lisa came home heated, feverish, and penniless, for she had been more extravagant than seconda donnas should be; and it was with a

very uncertain voice that she sang me through, or rather she had only begun to sing, when the door was suddenly opened and the stranger stood there. She sprang forward and listened.

*Canta pure!* she cried; and then she leant over the piano, and tears fell over her face. Lisa finished and rose, and the stranger approached the piano, seized me, and kissed me with tears of joy.

*Ti ritrovo ancor!* and then she paused. She laid her hand on the chords; like a prophetess preparing to declare her awful mission she stood. Lo! what sound of unearthly sweetness invested itself in my form! a meaning, new and unexpected, dawned on Lisa's mind. I rose with an unapproachable glory on the ear and heart of the sole listener. She could have fallen down on her face before the form of the Greek, for it was she! Xanthi, the long remembered, the adored of Spiro, the Ionian girl I had seen years before at Florence, and I had dwelt in her heart ever since. We met like long-parted lovers, and I trembled beneath the joy of a full interpretation by a voice and genius of matchless power. I had at last met with my equal; I was fitly mated at last. Ah! were we now to part!

It was the morning of the rehearsal at length, and I trembled for my fate. Poor Lisa, I did thee injustice! At eleven o'clock she came and took me up, looked at me once with tears, and then walked to the door of the next room.

"I am ill!" she said; "you, signora, are the most fit to take my place. See, take my music; my name, too; and, as Lisa, sing this divine song better than poor Lisa herself ever will!"

Joy! joy! I entered the concert-room in Xanthi's hand. That grave audience of dowagers and directors was delighted out of its propriety. But who shall recount the surpassing glories of the Wednesday night, when I was encored by the queen, and lauded by the bishops present, and when a venerable countess was removed in fits to the tea-room, and field-marshal the Duke of Wellington said "Good!" twice, and when the *Morning Post* screamed itself hoarse with admiration the next day! But I am becoming quite too confidential.

One paragraph more. Xanthi made her appearance at the Opera House, Giulia took the jaundice, and Lord Vane took his leave of a termagant whom he had never loved. The tide of fashion left Giulia stranded on the shore where she had ruled the waves, like Britannia, for some sixteen years.

"I could poison, kill, burn, mangle the wretched woman!" said Giulia to her favorite tire-woman, as she sat glaring over the last tirade of praise. "And what is this monstrous song that she sings fifteen times every night! It makes me sick and faint to hear of such sinfulness. I'm sure it's ugly. Tell Costa he must get it for me without delay."

Costa obeyed; the original sheet was procured; again I met the prima donna's eyes, and she read on my brow, *Addio, Giulia!*

From the Spectator, 30 Dec.

## EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT.

IN 1848 closes one of the most wonderful years in the annals of the world—to be followed by no ordinary year in 1849; 1848 was not a year of conclusions; everything has been let loose in Europe, nothing settled; and to 1849 is handed over the labor of settling—what it can.

Paris, the capital of revolution, began the year with Louis Philippe and M. Guizot; in February, the Napoleon of Peace underwent a politic metempsychosis into "Mr. Smith"—fled from the national questions that he could not solve; "no son of his succeeding." In February, from the meat-covers of a suppressed seditious dinner exploded the great revolution, unforeseen even by its instruments; and the reign of the poet—"gent" government under Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin possessed its brief authority. The bloody supplement of June called the soldier Cavaignac to power; but France wanted a more imposing chief than he would consent to be, and a Napoleon Bonaparte, the second of that name, is installed as president of the republic by the suffrages of the people. As "president"—so says the constitution—president of most imperial stamp. His ministers address him with sycophantic allusions to his Napoleonic extraction, and dwell with iteration on the memories of the empire; their official language glows with the purple light of those regretted days. He appoints his uncle, once a king of Westphalia, to be governor of the Invalides, and his cousin ambassador to England. His ministers assume the attitude and tone of a "strong government"—Odilon Barrot makes that his chief profession. The president appoints General Changarnier to the sole command of the immense garrison of Paris and its national guards. Louis Napoleon reviews the troops of Paris, and wins all hearts by the royal grace of his demeanor—by bowing to the statue of his illustrious relative defunct, by bowing to the captains of the national guard; the whole multitude is in a ferment of loyalty, some positively shedding tears as if he had been a genuine king!—for kings, like onions, much excite the lachrymal gland. Such is the bearing of the president of the republic, fourth in the series of French rulers for 1848, and author of a pamphlet on the organization of industrial colonies. In the decree appointing King Jerome to his new post at the Invalides, allusion is made to "the cruel day of Waterloo;" what does *that* signify? Is President Bonaparte going to make the attempt to regain that battle? "Waterloo," "organization of labor," "Princitizen-president," "vive l'empereur," "re-establishment of order," "a strong government," "the army of the Alps"—how many questions are handed over to the councils of 1849! The prince-president, "ce beau garçon!" is a bachelor.

Prussia began with the little constitution that had been twenty years brewing; she ends 1848 with Frederick William's last exercise in constitution-writing—showing vast progress in that prom-

ising (though not always performing) scholar. But the praiseworthy student of clinical statesmanship has not learned how to live at ease in his own capital; his constituent assembly is dissolved, and its duties are transferred to a quasi-constituent diet in 1849, which is to revise the transactions of 1848.

To 1848 belongs that anomalous and not geographical expression "Germany." The infant year knew nothing of that "federal state;" one summer reigned the Regent John and his ministers in Frankfort; by Christmas his court has sunk to the estate of a Twelfth-day sport, and the universal question is, *what* is to be the "Germany" of 1849! who its ruler? what its title?—a Prussianized Germany, with Emperor Frederick William; or a twin Germany, under Frederick William and Maximilian, Austria holding aloof; or no Germany at all! And then what is to become of Schleswig-Holstein! of the Rhine provinces! of Polish Posen! of the minor German states, revolutionized but not consolidated!

Austria began 1848 with Ferdinand and Metternich; she ends it—after many a revolution, now here, now there, in Prague, in Pesth, in Vienna—with Francis Joseph and Stadion. The old empire was nearly finished; but it has turned over a new leaf, talks of constitution and consolidation, and has some projects of regeneration, to be developed in 1849; that is, when Hungary, which defies its "king" à l'outrance, shall have been effectively conquered, and merged in the empire. The Austrian question is transferred for the nonce to Hungary; and this week, after long delays, we see Windischgrätz concentrating an army of 100,000 men on Buda. According to the present appearance, the kingdom, which has maintained its individuality through trouble and danger from all quarters for something like a thousand years, is now completing the last year of its separate existence; its national history is to cease, and in the next year it is to be degraded to the rank of a province. That done, (no small enterprise!) the Austrian empire is to be settled generally. Jellachich, the new creation of 1848, has done his service this year; next year Austria will have to pay him and his Slaves—a bargain as yet undefined. Then the Prague question must be solved, and the Lombardo-Venetian question. Another also will press for settlement; the young emperor is a bachelor. What an opportunity for our match-making viscount! Cæsar Cælebs!

Pursue him, P., pursue him with a bride.

Italy began the year with the status quo as regards Austria, and a pleasing excitement in Rome caused by the liberalism of its popular pope; Austria has since been all but driven out, and has all but resumed her position; the popular pope is a fugitive in the dominions of anti-popular Naples. The question of 1848 was the expulsion of Austria and the formation of an "Italian League" between the princes; the league has come to nothing, and Austria is not yet expelled nor bought off; and

this week comes intelligence of a new movement for 1849—the convening of an Italian Constituent Assembly.

Other countries pass the change of year with less strikingly critical circumstances. Spain, indeed, does not yet know whether Isabella is a political and final necessity—whether the balance of virtue lies with Louis Philippe, Christina, or Palmerston—the balance of prowess with Espartero, Narvaez, or Cabrera—the succession with the Carlist branch or the Orleans line. The news of the week announces a formidable international question between the Spanish government and the *Morning Post*, in which our sad but spirited contemporary has claimed the support of Lord Palmerston. However, there is nothing very urgent in the state of Spain. Portugal is not more anarchical than it is wont to be. Switzerland has had no revolution in 1848! To the north, Belgium is stable, Holland reforming, Sweden patient, Denmark loyal; and Russia continues to wait.

Turning westward, we see Mexico shrinking in power and size, while the great Anglo-American Union swells. Polk, the home-keeping war president of 1848, gives place to Taylor, the conqueror of Mexico and peace president for 1849. But the novelty, of which every week brings fresh and more wonderful stories—this week like the others—is the great gold-bed of California. The province wrung from Mexico is a veritable Eldorado—formidably rich in its auriferous soil, formidably attractive for the shoals that flock to it. Already we see fears expressed that the new acquisition may not increase either the virtue or the welfare of the republic. Nay, a hostile prophet might at once venture to pronounce the gift a judgment on the model republicans, for their arrogance, their money-grasping, and their bad faith.

Our dependencies: a world of little wars and colonial office squabbles for 1848—a dubious but eventful sequel for 1849. This week we see that Sir Harry Smith, who had just been finishing one of the little border wars of the Cape colony, has been cajoling the aborigines by talking down to their understanding, in the childish dialect which untutored minds adopt towards babies, foreigners, and savages; and he thinks that the exchange of puerilities has consolidated the border relations of the two races! Scarcely a week, down to the very last of the year, but contributes its official buffoonery to the *faciæ* of our colonial history.

At home, after this trying year for Europe and Lord John, we are rubbing on quietly enough. The year began with Queen Victoria, and ends with the same most excellent majesty; our sovereign lady surveys the portents of 1849 with no anxiety, and does not think it necessary to keep on calculating the chances for and against the succession of her Prince Edward. Prince Albert continues to transact business at Somerset House, to register charming little candidates for the succession of the throne, to preside at the Commission of the Fine Arts, to inspect the “progress” of the

houses of parliament, and pursue other perennial avocations, with the placid perseverance of a man who sees a long and tranquil life before him. The year ends with less ferment than it opened with; though there is quite enough of stir to quiet all apprehension that 1849 will be a dull year. In January last, “the people’s charter” was a living thing, the “monster petition” an unborn giant; the monster petition proved a monstrous abortion, diligently to be forgotten by its parents, the charter was imprudently exposed on the 10th of April, trampled under foot by its friends, and made a cripple. The year is out, and Widow M’Cormack’s garden is still the sole battle-field of the great Irish confederation; the utter disruption of that malignant and paltry conspiracy furnishes one of the few instances of effectual settlement in this year; if the confederation is not settled, nothing is. Perhaps you will reply, “The far larger humbug repeal!” True; we had forgotten that ancient nonsense. It was continued, if we remember rightly, by one John O’Connell, a relative of the deceased Daniel; but we have a faint impression that the man was made an exciseman, or expected to be made an exciseman, but was n’t; for we have quite lost sight of him.

Ireland does not benefit either from organized agitation or from poor relief: she can feed neither patriots nor paupers, nor landlords, nor anything but discontent and misery. As Christmas drew near, instances multiplied where the whole rental of the land was absorbed by poor-rates or “arrears” of rent; with others in which the land was actually deserted, from the want of power to fulfil its liabilities. The question of the poor-law, its applicability and practicability, revives, with this peculiarity for the future—that the *available* resources of Ireland are in a state of manifest exhaustion. A great movement is getting up to revise the poor-law with reference to the area of rating; the object being to engage the interest of each proprietor to keep down pauperism on his own estate; what with! Others talk of providing for the paupers who invade any township from without by a general rate; who to pay it? The question for 1849 is, shall the redundant Irish be helped to emigrate, or shall all Ireland’s paupers be maintained by England?

We have already mentioned other materials for the next annual volume of our history—the “financial reform” movement, devised to occupy the skeleton “association” which established itself on corn-law repeal, the colonization movement, &c. &c. If anybody in this country must needs view the coming year with dread of trouble and change, it is the ministry. The last year was rubbed through, but it was a work of difficulty, and has left its mark on delicate constitutions.

THE YEAR OF TRIALS.—Hundreds of pens are now at work to say the worst of the passing year, the year of troubles, the year of distress, the year of commotions, the year of the complication of



everything that is bad, the lengthened Saturnalia of the evil spirits. Yet there is a satisfactory and cheering view to be taken of this black year, and it is that England has passed through its trials as bravely as she has done, weathering the storm with comparatively so little damage, and with the first abatement of its violence manifesting a buoyancy beyond the most sanguine hope.

There has been much distress, much suffering, but it is only amazing that there was not more in such a complication of evils and embarrassments, and the tendency to improvement, even before the recovery of trade on the continent, denotes the wonderful elastic energy bearing up against all depression. With commerce already reviving, what may we not expect when the settlement of affairs on the continent reopens its markets, and with the advantage which our manufactures must possess over rivals whose business has been paralyzed by political and social convulsions?

Everything has been put to the severest trial this momentous year, and everything has stood the proof;—the sense of the country, its attachment to order, its loyalty in the most enlarged and exalted meaning of the word, have held it firm and undisturbed amidst the shock of revolutions; and its vast resources and commercial energies, directed with prudence, have enabled it to meet and overcome the most gigantic difficulties, not unscathed indeed—that was impossible, but with an amount of loss and suffering incomparably less than *à priori* could have been calculated upon by the most sanguine,

Quod optanti divum promittere nemo  
Auderet

The vessel which has so weathered so tremendous a tempest can have been in no bad trim, and in no incapable hands.

Yet there are people who talk of the failure of free trade, as if free trade could have had a trial other than the unfairest in the general paralysis of commerce. The thing to be wondered at is, not that our commerce declined, but that it declined no more than it did, and rallied so promptly as it is doing. The bark of free trade was launched in a tempest, and the proof of its virtue is its battling with and surviving the storm. If it has struggled so well through such adverse circumstances, what may it not be expected to do when favored by more tranquil times, and the returning tide of commerce?

Free trade in a convulsed, disordered world, following upon three years of scarcity at home, could not indeed work the miracle of making prosperity; but it has succeeded in resisting ruin, and making the least of inevitable loss. What would the system of monopoly have done in the same circumstances? It could not have lived an hour—it could not have existed—the circumstances would have doomed it to instant abolition. The first whiff and wind of the troubles would have puffed the corn laws away. Free trade was

granted just at the moment when grim necessity would have shortly forced it upon the legislature, had it been composed exclusively of Bentincks and Sibthorps. It has not worked impossibilities; but the restrictive system had the fault that it would not have worked at all, nor lived longer than a sieve on the waves of the Atlantic.—*Examiner*.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.—1848 is a year, as we have said, that few of its cotemporaries will be disposed to praise; unless those, perhaps, who derive pleasure from political events as from an exciting spectacle. And even here, too, there is a drawback; for as the idle are generally the well-endowed, or at least the sufficiently endowed, the funds of such unproductive classes have been too much affected and rendered precarious by the events of 1848, not to have far more alarmed than amused the *désœuvrés*, or idle, of our social state.

As to the upper classes of every grade upon the continent, from the wearer of a crown to the bearer of a crest, never were they put in such a panic. Nor have the poor more reason to be contented. Even where they did get possession of uncontrolled power, they made such a very foolish use of it in not entrusting it to the middle and enlightened class to manage it for them, that their reign has ended by their being crushed into the mire of Vienna and Paris, and into as profound a depth of contempt at Berlin.

The middle and industrious people have least suffered. The ant is busy on its hill again, unmindful of the earthquake that so lately made it vibrate. The prince may not in a day reërect the fallen columns of his palace; but the plough, the mill, the smithy, and the shuttle, are at work as if nought had happened. Great nations, however, must be supposed to have at least some moments of reflection, and the present moment is the natural one for such a retrospect.

What can France say on the 1st of January, 1849, looking back to its anniversary on 1848? It can merely say, that it has made a political *sobresaut*, and find its footsteps fixed pretty much as they were before. There is indeed a different personage elected, as chief, upon its shoulders; but he has a very similar set of ministers, with a budget of no less weight, an army of no less expenditure, and with a chamber of representatives more numerous and more noisy, but possessed of not more influence in the country, than the chamber of 1847. Louis Philippe, children and grandchildren, have removed from the Tuileries, and the gay bachelor, Louis Napoleon, has begun his reign where his great uncle ended his, in the Bourbon Elysée. There sat Napoleon after Waterloo, four-and-twenty hours motionless, thunder-struck at the immensity of his fall. And in the same arm-chair may Louis Napoleon now have moralized on the immensity of his rise. Strange to say, the very party, that of "the monarchy surrounded with republican institutions," which in

the person of Lafayette demanded Napoleon's resignation, is the self-same party, represented by Odilon Barrot, which has aided and inaugurated the elevation of Napoleon's nephew. It has been at once the grave-digger and the midwife of Bonaparte royalties.

If from moralizing on the Tuileries and the Elysée Bourbon we take our flight to the Vatican, there we find, or can no longer find in the scarlet lady, the *causa teterrima* of revolution. Metternich lays all the blame of the year's hubbub upon the pope, and poor Pio Nino seems as penitent as Metternich himself. The Romans are again trying their hand at that old experiment, in which they alone succeeded—a popular government that would prosper and conquer. But with a population of priests, wax-light makers, and sonneteers, of idols and incense-burners, one may in vain look for the indomitable hardihood of the days of Romulus. If the France of 1849 has already lapsed back into the France of 1848, name of dynasty alone excepted, the Italy of 1849 seems destined to re-become the Italy of any year during the last five centuries, divided, oppressed, decimated, and condemned.

If we cross the Alps again, we find a more wonderful restoration of the old state of things, after and in despite of the most wondrous revolutions in all the countries of Germany. The history of 1848, then, has been that of the flux and reflux of one gigantic wave. The flux swept everything before it—kings, courts, armies, and constitutions. But these baubles floated, and the reflux in a few months' time has swept them back with a no less vehement convulsion, into their own old places. To be sure, the foundations of these things must have been shaken, and there may be doubts of their ever being set completely straight again. But, for the time, Francis Joseph seems to stand as firm as any one of his leaden ancestors, whilst Frederick William lifts himself as stiff and erect, as any statue of the pig-tailed and belted Fredericks that adorn the royal baby-houses and gardens of Potsdam.

The most dangerous and deeply mortified victims of 1848 are certainly the Germans. The French may shrug their shoulders and reflect that a revolution, that now seems to have come unneeded, may well expire unlamented. The Italians, who have been for centuries the *souffre-douleurs* of their more powerful and barbarian neighbors, have but to put on their old sackcloth, and resume their mendicant's staff. But the Germans wanted a revolution, had a right to a revolution, and will in all probability not submit to be cheated out of it. If we look upon the new year's reflection of the Parisians with curiosity, and upon those of the Italians with compassion, we look upon the brooding brow of the German with feelings of hope, of terror and respect. He is of our kin, that man. We wish him free, and we do not believe that he will remain the only Pariah of Europe, excluded from liberty and civilization.

From the Examiner.

*The History of England from the Accession of James II.* By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Two vols. Longman and Co. (Harpers, N. Y.)

Fox and Mackintosh are the only historical writers of later time who had themselves taken part in history before they sat down to write it. Hardly may we say so much of Gibbon, though he paraded his fat little person on military duty in Hampshire, had his corner table at Brookes', and helped with his silent votes to keep Lord North on the treasury bench. Even Gibbon, however, thought his history much the better for his having been an officer in the militia, and a member of the house of commons; and Mr. Macaulay, in one of his admirable essays, has remarked what an advantage it was to Mackintosh and Fox that "they had spoken history, acted history, lived history."

On the other hand, it is possible to imagine some disadvantages, when a time "within the memory of men still living" is to be part of the time narrated. The greatest man on record, who combined the characters of statesman and historian, Raleigh, began his narrative at the creation of the world and ended it with the second Macedonian war; and has told us, specially, why he avoided the time wherein he had been a celebrated actor. "I know it will be said by many that I might have been more pleasing to the reader if I had written the story of mine own times, having been permitted to draw water as near the well-head as another. To this I answer, that whosoever, in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth." To which let us add that the same danger may befall truth herself, by pretty much the same process; as was shown a hundred years after Raleigh's death, when "the story of mine own times" was taken up by an actor in it. We need hardly remind the reader of Bishop Burnet, in a terrible passion, sitting down to write a character in his history.

With such aids and disadvantages mingled, but the advantage beyond question predominating, Mr. Macaulay enters the historic lists. That the leading peculiarity of his book has arisen from his habits of public life, we think few will doubt. It is cast in a form and manner of its own. Those only who have made such matters their study can know the full meaning of this expression. The debt of Carte to Rapin, the enormous debt of Hume to Carte, are among the curiosities of literature. Of the two latter it would not be too much to say, that, as far as the same subjects are dealt with in the narratives, Hume could hardly have written a page without Carte's folio open before him. It is not simply that the honest non-juror saves the indolent philosopher vast trouble of original research, but that even the arrangement of the events in both books, and the form and structure of remark in which they are cast, are for the most part the same. Nothing of this kind can be

said of Mr. Macaulay. He has discarded every such conventional aid. His narrative is emphatically his own. You cannot read the first half dozen pages without feeling that, be it true or false, an original spirit has entered on the scene, and a fresh face awaits the old familiar records.

In a hundred and fifty pages the early English history is brought to the period of the restoration. Another hundred and thirty pages conduct us to the death of Charles the Second. Another hundred and forty depict the state of England, in its various social and material aspects, at the period of the accession of James. The rest, comprising more than nine hundred pages, describe the three ignominious years whose catastrophe was the great revolution. Of all those sections the animating spirit is the reverse of what Iago sneered at as "bookish." Prodigious in number must have been the books consulted, but their service is unverified. The air of the study is left behind. The reader is with the actors everywhere, when the action of the drama is most like life. The opening sketch deals summarily with many centuries, but as a statesman would; the practical points being thrown into vivid prominence, and linked with effects and causes. How the Anglo-Saxons first won and then lost civilization, how amid the French possessions of the Norman kings England was kept but as a province, by what means her people sprang into independent life, how the decay of feudalism affected her, and in what way, when standing armies replaced feudal services, that question arose between the prerogatives of the crown and the liberties of the people, between a limited monarchy of the middle ages and a limited monarchy of freemen, which the sword alone could arbitrate—all this the reader reads with breathless interest, and a sense as of irresistible fate ordering and overruling all. It is possible to carry this tone too far, but it is the right tone of history. Her decrees are inflexible, immutable. She is *magni Dei sapiens opus*, the work which cannot fail. "I have heard," says Dryden finely, "of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation. Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes so general."

What the reader must be most prepared for, then, who opens Mr. Macaulay's history, is to surrender his judgment absolutely to that of the historian. Mr. Macaulay exhibits no fine balances of authority, between which the judgment is free to choose. Having settled all that before he began to write, he has now but to challenge the tests which are to establish or overthrow his decisions. How far he has done this fairly, or whether his references are sufficiently explicit, we cannot yet determine; but upon this will chiefly depend the permanent value of his book. Of the genius displayed in it no one can entertain a doubt. In the most difficult and felicitous of all combinations, that of imagination and common sense, it is supremely successful. With the most minute research is combined the largest comprehen-

sion. Side by side with every fact in the great story, are exhibited the human feelings, passions, and interests concerned in its creation. A minute display of individual details is something distinguishable from the science of history, and too often opposed to it; but here we have the union of both, as we remember in no former book. We never saw presented, in the midst of argumentative discussion so minute and clear, and by the side of judgment so decisive that no appeal would seem to lie against them, a narrative so easy, ample and picturesque. Sydney Smith, talking of a certain class of historians, calls them braggadocios of minuteness, swaggering chronologers, men prurient with dates, bristling up with the smallest facts. But for admiration, not contempt, we find such qualities here. The crowding of details is the elaboration into truth. Flashing light across the narrative, they do not burden it or impede its course. Our only doubt is whether it can be so continued to the end. We do not object to the prominence of names which have long ceased to be names "to conjure with," because it is the business of history, we apprehend, to delineate its actors in proportion to their influence on the scene, and to omit none who may have played important parts, however unequal to the parts they played. But we doubt if other limits have been sufficiently considered.

The chapter on the social characteristics and condition of England is executed with remarkable skill. It is difficult to imagine it got up for the occasion. It pours out the stores of a life of reading, the marvels of the most marvellous of memories. Nevertheless it is that part of the book where we most question the skill of arrangement. Take it bodily away, and we suspect that its loss would not be felt as the narrative now stands. In other words, inimitable as it is, we do not yet see it turned to use; and such a survey of manners is only admissible for its direct historical illustration. We see some difficulty, too, in resuming the subject, in this precise form, at those successive stages which may be taken to mark its periods of transition. On the other hand, as it seems to us, everything it contains might have been woven into the narrative of events with a more simple and complete effect. The continuity of story would not have been interrupted; nor would facts have been insulated, which, if we are to understand them properly, should be viewed in conjunction with other facts. Mr. Macaulay himself shows this in occasional passages better than our objection does. He shows it, for example, where he speaks of the ford crossed by the fugitive Argyle at "two streams which now flow through prosperous towns, and turn the wheels of many factories, but which then held their quiet course through moors and sheepwalks;" where he exhibits the unhappy Monmouth overlooking the field of Sedgemoor; where he depicts the bay at which William of Orange landed; and where he mentions Greenock as "a small fishing village consisting of a single row of thatched hovels, now a great and flourish-



ing port, of which the customs amount to more than five times the whole revenue which the Stuarts derived from the kingdom of Scotland." Such graphic touches lose much of their significance when detached from the story they illustrate.

Mr. Macaulay professes no particular regard for what is called the dignity of history. It is inconceivable what folly has been talked on this subject. Even Swift, natural and manly writer as he was, could call "mob" a too undignified word for history. But history cannot really afford to be more dignified than life has been; and where there is vitality of knowledge, historical dignity may be left to take care of itself. It is possible that we might here and there desiderate, in Mr. Macaulay's book, greater compression and condensation of language, but we forgive this want, where it occurs, for the unceasing variety, vigor and movement of the drama which his genius puts into action. The scene throughout is vital. The men who have made the English history are shown in the act of making it, with their strength and weakness about them, their passions and temptations, the knowledge, the prejudice, and the ignorance of their age. It is wonderful from what various and opposite sources the traits of portraiture are drawn, with what ingenuity and penetration they are inwoven with the narrative, how masterly is the grouping of facts round some great event, with what a watchful care the central figures are made predominant, and how little the effort appears by which such grand results are gained. We think of the triumphant ease with which the poet creates incidents and characters, rather than of the painful toil involved in a reproduction of the past.

Of the entire history to which these volumes belong, judgment will have to be passed when it is completed. The house that is building looks not like the house that is built, and we have thrown out some doubts as to the laying too wide foundations. But heartily do we thank Mr. Macaulay for what he has done thus far. He has confirmed and extended the service rendered by his brilliant essays to the study of our higher literature. He has made history attractive to thousands of readers, to whom till now it has probably been a sealed book, but whose minds it will now help to cultivate, whose tastes it will inform and improve. We do not think there is a dull page in the thirteen hundred here written, and though classical experience may be quoted for the pudding that had too many plums, the solid requisites are here as little wanting. Our old friend the Spectator would only have found the suet, as well as the plums, much finer than usual.

Before we add what little more we have at present to say, we will lay before the reader two remarkable passages. The first is from a full-length portrait of

the same age. Indeed, it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and councillors. Sculptors, painters, and medalists exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity; and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as once seen could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humored man. But it indicates in a manner not to be mistaken capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers.

Nature had largely endowed William with the qualities of a great ruler; and education had developed those qualities in no common degree. With strong natural sense, and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child, the chief of a great but dispersed and disheartened party, and the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the oligarchy, then supreme in the United Provinces. The common people, fondly attached during a century to his house, indicated whenever they saw him, in a manner not to be mistaken, that they regarded him as their rightful head. The able and experienced ministers of the republic, mortal enemies of his name, came every day to pay their feigned civilities to him, and to observe the progress of his mind. The first movements of his ambition were carefully watched; every unguarded word uttered by him was noted down; nor had he near him any adviser on whose judgment reliance could be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when all the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigilant observers saw the tears more than once rise in the eyes of the young state prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood, he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity. Meanwhile he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the Court of England; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favor and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him; and he was glad to turn away from the stage

#### THE HERO OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

He was now in his thirty-seventh year. But both in body and in mind he was older than other men of

and to talk about public affairs, while Orestes was raving, or Tartuffe was pressing Elvira's hand. He had, indeed, some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not, however, in the least, affect the character of a wit or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war, were discussed. Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend and answer without assistance everything that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English, and German inelegantly, it is true, and inexactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man whose life was to be passed in organizing great alliances and in commanding armies from different countries.

One class of philosophical questions had been forced on his attention by circumstances, and seems to have interested him more than might have been expected from his general character. Among the Protestants of the United Provinces, as among the Protestants of our island, there were two great religious parties which almost exactly coincided with two great political parties. The chiefs of the municipal oligarchy were Armenians, and were commonly regarded by the multitude as little better than Papists. The princes of Orange had generally been the patrons of the Calvinistic divinity, and owed no small part of their popularity to their zeal for the doctrines of election and final perseverance, a zeal not always enlightened by knowledge, or tempered by humanity. William had been carefully instructed from a child in the theological system to which his family was attached, and regarded that system with even more than the partiality which men generally feel for a hereditary faith. He had ruminated on the great enigma which had been discussed in the Synod of Dort, and had found in the austere and inflexible logic of the Genevese school something which suited his intellect and his temper. That example of intolerance, indeed, which some of his predecessors had set, he had never imitated. For all persecution he felt a fixed aversion, which he avowed, not only where the avowal was obviously politic, but on occasions where it seemed that his interest would have been promoted by dissimulation or by silence. His theological opinions, however, were even more decided than those of his ancestors. The tenet of predestination was the keystone of his religion. He even declared that if he were to abandon that tenet he must abandon with it all belief in a superintending providence, and must become a mere Epicurean. Except in this single instance, all the sap of his vigorous mind was early drawn away from the speculative to the practical. The faculties which are necessary for the conduct of great affairs ripened in him at a time of life when they have scarcely begun to blossom in ordinary men. Since Octavius the world had seen no such instance of precocious statesmanship. Skilful diplomatists were surprised to hear the weighty observations which at seventeen the prince made on public affairs, and still more surprised to see the lad, in situations in which he

might have been expected to betray strong passion, preserve a composure as imperturbable as their own. At eighteen he sat among the fathers of the commonwealth, grave, discreet, and judicious as the oldest among them. At twenty-one, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the administration. At twenty-three, he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier and politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet; he was the soul of a mighty coalition; and he had contended with honor in the field against some of the greatest generals of the age.

His personal tastes were those rather of a warrior than of a statesman; but he, like his great grandfather, the silent prince who founded the Batavian commonwealth, occupies a far higher place among statesmen than among warriors. The event of battles, indeed, is not an unfailing test of the abilities of a commander; and it would be peculiarly unjust to apply this test to William; for it was his fortune to be almost always opposed to captains who were consummate masters of their art, and to troops far superior in discipline to his own. Yet there is reason to believe that he was by no means equal, as a general in the field, to some who ranked far below him in intellectual powers. To those whom he trusted he spoke on this subject with the magnanimous frankness of a man who had done great things, and who could well afford to acknowledge some deficiencies. He had never, he said, served an apprenticeship to the military profession. He had been placed, while still a boy, at the head of an army. Among his officers there had been none competent to instruct him. His own blunders and their consequences had been his only lessons. "I would give," he once exclaimed, "a good part of my estates to have served a few campaigns under the Prince of Conde before I had to command against him." It is not improbable that the circumstance which prevented William from attaining any eminent dexterity in strategy may have been favorable to the general vigor of his intellect. If his battles were not those of a great tactician, they entitled him to be called a great man. No disaster could for one moment deprive him of his firmness or of the entire possession of all his faculties. His defeats were repaired with such marvellous celerity, that before his enemies had sung the *Te Deum*, he was again ready for conflict; nor did his adverse fortune ever deprive him of the respect and confidence of his soldiers. That respect and confidence he owed in no small measure to his personal courage. Courage, in the degree which is necessary to carry a soldier without disgrace through a campaign, is possessed, or might, under proper training, be acquired by the great majority of men. But courage like that of William is rare indeed. He was proved by every test; by war, by wounds, by painful and depressing maladies, by raging seas, by the imminent and constant risk of assassination, a risk which has shaken very strong nerves, a risk which severely tried even the adamant fortitude of Cromwell. Yet none could ever discover what that thing was which the Prince of Orange feared. His advisers could with difficulty induce him to take any precaution against the pistols and daggers of conspirators. Old sailors were amazed at the composure which he preserved amidst roaring breakers on a perilous coast. In battle his bravery made him conspicuous even among tens of thousands of brave warriors, drew forth the generous applause of hostile armies, and was never questioned even by the injustice of hostile

factions. During his first campaigns he exposed himself like a man who sought for death, was always foremost in the charge and last in the retreat; fought sword in hand in the thickest press, and, with a musket ball in his arm, and the blood streaming over his cuirass, still stood his ground and waved his hat under the hottest fire. His friends adjured him to take more care of a life invaluable to his country; and his most illustrious antagonist, the great Condé, remarked, after the bloody day of Seneff, that the Prince of Orange had in all things borne himself like an old general except in exposing himself like a young soldier. William denied that he was guilty of temerity. It was, he said, from a sense of duty, and on a cool calculation of what the public interest required, that he was always at the post of danger. The troops which he commanded had been little used to war, and shrank from a close encounter with the veteran soldiery of France. It was necessary that their leader should show them how battles were to be won. And in truth more than one day which had seemed hopelessly lost was retrieved by the hardihood with which he rallied his broken battalions, and cut down with his own hand the cowards who set the example of flight. Sometimes, however, it seemed that he had a strange pleasure in venturing his person. It was remarked that his spirits were never so high, and his manners never so gracious and easy, as amidst the tumult and carnage of a battle. Even in his pastimes he liked the excitement of danger. Cards, chess, and billiards gave him no pleasure. The chase was his favorite recreation; and he loved it most when it was most hazardous. His leaps were sometimes such that his boldest companions did not like to follow him. He seems even to have thought the most hardy field sports of England effeminate, and to have pined in the Great Park of Windsor for the game which he had been used to drive to bay in the forests of Guelders, wolves and wild boars, and huge stags with sixteen antlers.

The audacity of his spirit was the more remarkable because his physical organization was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the prime of manhood his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up the hopes of his enemies by fixing some date beyond which, if there were anything certain in medical science, it was impossible that his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body.

He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities; but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. From the multitude his joy and his grief, his affection and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity, which made him pass for the most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who brought him good news could seldom detect any sign of pleasure. Those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief; but those who knew him well and saw him

near were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that anger deprived him of power over himself. But when he was really enraged the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was indeed scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self-command, he made such ample reparation to those whom he had wronged as tempted them to wish that he would go into a fury again. His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies trembled for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secrecy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings. He was kind, cordial, open, even convivial and jocose, would sit at table many hours, and would bear his full share in festive conversation.

Perforce we must stop here, though a pleasing picture of the friendship with Bentinck follows, and of the simplicity, tenderness, even garrulous fondness, to which it moved that ordinarily stern, impassible, noble heart. The book contains a gallery of such portraits as this—Vandykes of a later age.

There will arise other opportunities of discussing questions of character and history opened up in these volumes, (now and then, we venture to think, somewhat peremptorily decided,) and for the present we have not much more to say. But we should not omit to say that we believe the book to be inflexibly impartial, according to the writer's best means of judgment. Here and there, indeed, a somewhat heavy measure is dealt against the whigs, while the trimmers have gentle handling, and many readers will be startled to find in Mr. Macaulay so strong a leaning to the Halifaxes and such imperfect sympathies with the Sydneys and Russells. We may possibly take another occasion of objecting to some parts of the sketch of the restoration.

The substance of the actual history presented in the volumes is confined to the reign of James, as we have already said; the rest is introductory or incidental. The comparison with any other history, therefore, must be made here. Mr. Macaulay's transcends them all. No account of the career of James has been written, from Hume and Smollett to Fox and Macintosh, in any respect comparable to this. Without any regard to points of detail, that at once is to be said. There has been no such exposition in our language of the continuous and persevering effort of James' reign, from the hour he ascended the throne to his ignominious descent from it, to reëstablish the Roman Catholic religion in England. Odious and revolting as are the bigotry and meanness, the cruelty and cowardice it recalls, the history of that memorable attempt, and its glorious defeat, is also an exhibition of what is most solid and reliable in the English character, whereof Englishmen may rightly be proud.

Mr. Macaulay anticipates, with good reason, that his history of the last hundred and fifty years in England, when completed, will be found to be emi-



nently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. The man who proposed to light London was denounced as a mischievous meddler. The man who started a coach to travel fifty miles a day was declared an enemy to the noble art of horsemanship. The enterprising citizen who set up a penny post was stigmatized as a popish plotter. These things, told in the volumes we now dismiss, are the prologue to a grander theme in volumes that are to come, which will nevertheless have their friends of darkness too, their apostles of slowness and ignorance. Still, the advance goes on, and will continue, with God's blessing, to the end. The tale and its moral are now committed to a worthy teacher. May all men profit by them.

From the Spectator.

#### MONTGOMERY'S CHRISTIAN LIFE.\*

MONTGOMERY and Pollok are remarkable examples of the popularity attainable by poetical sound and common ideas. Strictly examined, there will hardly be found a trace of true poetry in "The Course of Time," or in the more ambitious works of Montgomery; that is, of thoughts equal to the subject and diction corresponding to the thoughts. But there is a spontaneous flow of words, the metre is sufficiently musical, and the style is something like what the world has been accustomed to in serious poetry. The ideas, too, are proper, and commonly natural; they are what many readers could think, and what all can understand. The poems reflected the ideas, or rather the germs of ideas, that were in the readers' own minds, if they could have given them system and utterance. Perhaps, indeed, the works pleased the multitude more than if the poetry had been loftier; they were not tasked to understand it; there was no disquieting them to "bring them up."

The result has been a remarkable popularity, especially as neither poet affected gross claptrap or was particularly *fine* in diction; their defect consisting in a discrepancy between the thought and the style—though, it would seem, not an obvious one. *The Christian Life* has fewer of these defects, while it seems to possess all the popular merits of Mr. Montgomery. With less ambition in its themes, it appears to us to have more of true poetry, and on more interesting subjects, than any of his other works; as if its charitable object had stimulated the author; the book being published for the benefit of the Hospital for Consumption.

*The Christian Life* consists of a variety of occasional poems, sometimes on scriptural subjects applied to the general life of man, sometimes on the events of life, with a direct religious application. Now and then they take a more limited, because a personal character: as stanzas on the loss of some of the author's children, or on the

death of friends. The views are put forth as those of a loyal son of the Church of England, and the orthodoxy of a passage is frequently supported by foot-notes from texts of Scripture.

Many of the poems on domestic topics are distinguished by a tenderness, and a quiet naturalness of thought, which we have not been accustomed to meet in Mr. Montgomery. The defect of the book is want of strength and condensation. There is too much diffusion, not altogether of words, but of thoughts. We do not perceive so much of redundancy in expressing the ideas, as a redundancy of ideas themselves. The subject is run down; so that the critical reader gets tired from a reiteration which is not required. There would be more if there were less. There is hardly a poem in the book but could be at once improved by stopping short, or by excision.

This is a tendency partly natural, but it is probably increased by the habit of sermon-writing, where, a certain time having to be occupied, not only are subordinate illustrations pressed into the service, but the preacher branches out into cognate topics. "Weep not for the Dead" is an example of this, though not the most remarkable one. The following verses are not necessary to the principal topic; yet they, with some similar stanzas, occupy half the poem, and in this case, we think, form the better half.

'T is true, as thoughtful years advance,  
We muse with saddened mind,  
When memory throws a tearful glance  
On scenes long left behind!

Where be they gone, the brave and dear,  
The brightest of the throng,  
Who gladdened Home's delighted sphere  
With sunshine and with song!

Whither have fled the Forms well known,  
O'er whom affection hung;  
And where the laugh, whose feeling tone  
Like our fond echo rung?

All, all have glided from our view,  
As though such ne'er had been;  
And nothing but the heart's deep hue  
Retains what they have been.

'T were vain to tell us not to weep,  
When Memory opens that tomb  
Where buried joys in darkness sleep,  
That filled young life with bloom.

For often in some bleak distress  
The Dead upon us rise,  
As though they knew our loneliness,  
And echoed back our sighs.

'T is then the heart-dew riseth fast,  
And moistened eye-beams tell  
Our souls are with the solemn past,  
And feel its mighty spell.

These stanzas from "The Mind of Little Children" are pretty and natural.

Candid and curious, how they seek  
All truth to know and scan;  
And, ere the budding mind can speak,  
Begin to study Man!

\* *The Christian Life*; a Manual of Sacred Verse. By Robert Montgomery, M. A. Oxon. Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c. Published by Hall and Co.

Confiding sweetness colors all they say,  
And angels listen when they try to pray.

More playful than the birds of spring,  
Ingenuous, warm, sincere,  
Like meadow-bees upon the wing  
They roam without a fear;  
And breathe their thoughts on all who round them  
live,  
As light sheds beams, or flowers their perfume give.

And how the church o'erawes their sense,  
With rite and ritual graced!  
Whose creed is loving innocence,  
Which time hath not effaced;  
And would that those who Manhood's paths have  
trod,  
Like them could tremble at the name of God!

Mysterious age! the type of Heaven,  
By Jesus' blessing crowned,  
To thee a purity is given  
Gray hairs have never found;  
The arms of Christ do yet encircle thee  
Like a soft halo which the heart can see.

Mere knowledge makes us keen and cold,  
And cunning dwarfs the mind,  
As more and more the heart grows old  
With feelings base and blind;  
Our light is clearer, but our love is less,  
And few the bosoms that our own can bless!

From the Spectator.

#### THE BUTLER DIVORCE CASE.

ILL-ASSORTED marriage, domestic dissension hardening into indifference if not hatred, bondage without hope of release—such fate is too common for proceedings like those in the case of Butler *versus* Butler, in the Court of Common Pleas at Philadelphia, not to possess intense interest. Numbers will have devoured the report in the *Morning Chronicle* of last Saturday; half envying, half compassionating, the publicity which exposes the household misery to shame, but relieves the pent-up endurance. On the first blush, there is something anomalous in the case: Mr. Butler appears to be the one who has most manifestly offended against the matrimonial law, yet he is the party seeking divorce; Mrs. Butler represents herself as the injured wife, yet she resists divorce. On looking into the facts, however, the general circumstances appear to be by no means uncommon.

Mr. Butler alleges that his wife's demeanor has been characterized by bad temper; that since November, 1843, she had been "in the constant practice of abusing him in the strongest language to every person that would listen to her;" she had consorted with persons hostile to him; she had interfered with his domestic arrangements; she had invented injurious reports against a governess whom he had engaged to teach his children; she had violated her maternal duties by leaving his house; she had disregarded the stipulations which she accepted as the conditions of her return; she intended to publish remarks condemnatory of slavery, he deriving his income from estates worked by slaves; and that, without sufficient cause, she had left him

for a space of more than two years. The last allegation is technically taken as the one on which to found the demand for divorce; the law of Pennsylvania recognizing it as adequate reason for releasing the party deserted.

In bar of the suit, Mrs. Butler alleges that she had been forced to withdraw, in consequence of her husband's wrongful conduct; that she had done so with his knowledge and assent, and that his treatment was so cruel as to justify her in removing from his house. In a narrative which she placed before the court as an answer to his "libel," she describes his conduct: according to this narrative, he had treated her with neglect for some years before 1842; in the October of that year she found that he had been unfaithful, even before her married life became unhappy; from that October his affection was utterly alienated; they altogether ceased to live together as man and wife; he treated her with rudeness and slight before others; purposely taught their children, girls, to disregard her authority; he did his best to alienate her children's affection from her, and to debar her from access to them: he thus drove her away from home; he exacted harsh conditions when her conjugal or maternal affection induced her to return, and yet totally violated the compact by keeping her children from her: finally, when she was living apart, he ceased to pay a yearly allowance of 1,000 dollars which he had promised to pay her.

The charges are not effectively contradicted on either side; but met by such recriminations as we have described. It may be held, therefore, that a most unhappy state of domestic intercourse is admitted on both sides. But the most striking inculpations are self-inflicted; each party, in urging the accusation against the other, unconsciously exhibiting some serious fault in the accuser.

Thus, Mrs. Butler, justifying her refusal to answer a question from her husband, admits that "it roused the worst features of her nature"—"pride and resentment." Without any forced construction of her letters, they appear to describe a tearful, angry, and didactic importunity: she describes "repeated and ineffectual appeals to his affections, his compassion, his justice, and his humanity;" relates how she was in such a state of nervous excitement as to contemplate suicide; how, when the husband, the governess, and two children, went to spend the birthday of the children at a farm, she consented to follow in a separate carriage, and watched the children "through the trees;" once, when the children were ordered to pass her in the streets, she "ran after" and remonstrated with the eldest girl; how she vindicated her authority on one occasion by sending away a pair of shoes too small for one of the children, and Mr. Butler had the shoes back, to thwart her; how "her intercourse with her children, through her dependence on his will, became to her a source of constant suffering, disappointment, and bitterness;" she makes it a matter of serious complaint that the children were placed in "a

common roadside school," "carrying with them their food, which they were to eat out of their hands:" she refused to join in executing a deed, for which the law of Pennsylvania required her signature—making that a means of enforcing her claims as a mother: for want of her allowance, in 1847, she had been obliged "to resume the laborious and distasteful profession of her youth;" and she wrote to her daughter, a girl of twelve, telling her that she had no other means of obtaining a subsistence. Plenty of self-exhibited "pride and resentment" in all these traits; much impolitic urgency; much superiority of diction, and perhaps of feeling, calculated to exasperate the husband. It is very affecting and very saddening to see a wife complain of her husband's utter estrangement, while she avows "unalterable love:" "I cannot behold you," she says, "without emotion; my heart still answers to your voice, my blood in my veins to your footsteps." Abandoned by her husband, recalling him to the memory of her entire affection, he does not allege that *she* had diverted her affections to other objects: she remains without solace. But means more absolutely inapt to recall the affections of such a man as she describes cannot be devised, than these which she relates on her own part. In the domestic tragedy, she appears, from her own account, to have borne herself with conscious superiority; to have addressed a callous heart, perpetually, with dramatic and impassioned appeals; and to have mingled those appeals, so mortifying and embarrassing to him, with squabbles about children's shoes and his manners, thus exposing herself to be crossed, whistled at, and placed in the most humiliating positions, before all sorts of people.

The husband's self-betrays are not less painful. The accusations respecting the breach of the matrimonial compact are not distinctly contradicted; the "nonchalance" is admitted by his counsel; in his own letters he speaks of "Mrs. Butler" with a hardness of manner the most revolting; he thinks fit to boast of "endeavoring to make such changes in the management of his household as shall enable her to live in the family," only she must "in no way interfere with the arrangements that he had made for the studies and education of the children;" he requires her to give up her friends—not only to leave off seeing them, but to be as a stranger to them, "as if she had never known them:" "I require her to renounce, at once and forever, those low-bred, vulgar meddlers, the Sedgwicks"—his wife's chosen friends. In all this he thinks that he has "stipulated for nothing that is unusual or unnecessary, but only requires what is absolutely essential to the well-being and right government of every family." In one of his letters, addressed to Mrs. Butler, he says—

It is impossible to make any impression on one whose mental and moral obliquity blinds her to all the vices of her nature, whose reason is sophistry,

and whose religion is cant, and whose unbounded self-esteem renders her happy and satisfied in all her wrong doings.

With more in the same strain, equally harsh, and still further removed from decent behavior towards a woman. On the showing of his own acknowledged writing, Mr. Butler was tyrannical to a degree of brutality, ungenerous to meanness, cowardly to unmanliness.

Having stopped his wife's allowance, living apart, his object in suing for a divorce can only be to bar her claims on his purse. Unable to share her husband's home, Mrs. Butler professes to resist the divorce because it will damage her reputation, as it certainly would damage the only claims in which she persevered—demands for money. To such a point was the humbling contest reduced!

Whatever the issue of the law, it seems incapable of providing a true remedy for the evil on either side. If Mr. Butler succeed in obtaining divorce on the plea of a separation which he has compelled and sanctioned, it will violate every sense of justice; yet if he fail, the loss seems worse to his wife.

The law of Pennsylvania is, with slight differences, that of England: the marriage law of England is based on that of a barbarous age. It is not enlightened by modern experience or judgment; it is not based on the *facts* of married life; nor does it fit the actual state of society. It ignores rights which opinion universally admits; it maintains rights which opinion has ceased to recognize. It does not make authority correspond strictly with responsibility. It is wholly onesided. Hence a perpetuation of claims to moral subjection which have no basis in the living realities of life; hence a premium to the incessant assertion of a baseless authority, and to a corresponding rebellion. The dread of shame keeps secret much of the misery caused by the jar between obsolete laws and present usage: but when, as in a case like that before us, some unhappy couple are dragged before the public, every eye is turned upon them—the bold, with hope of some precedent for improvement; the timid, with an invidious pleasure at seeing those who have braved publicity remanded back to suffering.

From the Athenæum.

Roland Cashel. By CHARLES LEVER. Illustrated by Phiz. Nos. I. to VIII. Chapman & Hall.\*

If vagaries of reviewing were permissible in mature periodicals, a rhyming character of the peculiar genius of Dr. Lever could be written after the fashion of Dr. Southey's never-to-be-forgotten description of Lodore Waterfall. He is the Prince of "neck-or-nothing" novelists: and as such, hardly to be hit off in temperate prose. We used to think that for intrepidity in clearing the hedges and ditches—the boundaries and gaps—of a story,

\* Republishing, by Harper and Brothers, in two parts.



there was no one like poor Captain Marryat; but, of the two, Dr. Lever has the easier seat, and the more adroit bridle-hand. Little can those who have run through the eight numbers of "Roland Cashel" divine what manner of headlong leaps and frantic gallops they may be compelled to take, ere they come in "at the death" of the plot, and (let us hope) the marriage of the hero!

In Number I. we are in a villa on a tributary of the Orinoco, among gamblers, pirates—an old mysterious Columbian, with a bewitching daughter—and a young scapegrace who is introduced to us at a moment when the crisis of his ruin is at fever heat, while his love touches freezing point. A tap of Dr. Lever's wand calls up the messenger of an Irish law agent, who announces to the youngest of *Orlandos*, to wit, Mr. Cashel, that he is heir to a property bringing in some 17,000*l.* a year—with *Plutus* knows how much ready money besides in the bank. The scene changes to Dublin. Long live such great fortunes as the novelists can conjure up! at the head of which figures the "Monte Christo" inheritance. There is in the pictures which they display, showing the gold without its trouble, enough to make the very mouth of contented poverty, vowed to a penny a day, water. Mr. Jerrold may lesson the world as he pleases once a month;—but the most sedate among us would like to spend a morning after the fashion of Roland Cashel.

Of course one so dashing, so double gilt—so innocent, moreover, of the devices of dowagers and the blarney of black-legs—is instantaneously marked out for a prey. Mothers and maidens manœuvre—lords lay traps for him. There is a Lady Killgoff, who, we fancy, is booked for the part of Lady Morgan's *Lady Knocklofty*. Who, in short, need listen to the list of bees that swarm round such "a honyerocke?" And of course, too, there is, far down in Tipperary, that sweet, modest, virtuous girl, belonging to the reduced tenant, who is hardly able to bring himself to pray for favor from the young heir, reserved by good angels for the last punishment of all *Roland Cashels*. Added to these elements of the change to come, reconciling us to the want of the fairy cheque-book for which we were longing only a paragraph ago—we perceive signs of a tornado on the horizon—slight enough, yet sufficient to save Dr. Lever's credit as a weather prophet. What these are we will not tell: but since it is long since our readers have had "a taste" of our dashing author, we will treat them to an episode, describing an interview between a projector and a royal personage, which is worth having as a Christmas tale:—

"I'll not weary you by telling you the story that thousands can repeat, of a service without patronage, no sooner afloat than paid off again, and no chance of employment, save in a ten-gun brig off the coast of Guinea, and I suppose you know what that is!" Cashel nodded, and Sickleton went on. "Well, I passed as lieutenant, and went through my yellow fever in the Niger very creditably. I

was the only one of a ship's company in the gun-room on the way back to England after a two years' cruise; I suppose, because life was less an object to me than the other fellows, who had mothers, and sisters, and so on. So it was, I brought the old Amphion safe into dock, and was paid off to wander about the world, with something under 40*l.* in my pocket, and a 'good service letter' from the Admiralty—a document that costs a man some trouble to gain, but that would not get you a third class place in the rail to Croydon, when you have it. What was I to do?—I had no interest for the coast guard. I tried to become keeper of a light-house, but failed. It was no use to try and be a clerk—there were plenty of fellows, better qualified than myself, walking the street supperless. So I set myself a thinking if I could n't do something for 'the service' that might get me into notice, and make the 'lords' take me up. There was one chap made his fortune by 'round sterns'—though they were known in the Dutch navy for two centuries. There was another invented a life boat—a third, a new floating buoy—and so on. Now I'm sure I passed many a sleepless night thinking of something that might aid me; at one time it was a new mode of reefing top-sails in a gale—at another it was a change in signaling the distant ships of a squadron—now an anchor for rocky bottoms—now a contrivance for lowering quarter-boats in a heavy sea—till at last, by dint of downright hard thought and perseverance, I did fall upon a lucky notion. I invented a new hand-pump, applicable for launches and gun-boats—a thing greatly wanted—very simple of contrivance, and easy to work. It was a blessed moment to be sure, when my mind, instead of wandering over everything from the round top to the taff'rail, at last settled down on this same pump! It was not mere labor and study this invention caused me. No! it swallowed up nearly every shilling of my little hoard. I was obliged to make a model, and what with lead and zinc, and sawder and leather, and caoutchouc, and copper, I was very soon left without 'tin,' but I had hope, and hope makes up for half rations! At last, my pump was perfect; the next thing was to make it known. \* \* I had been living on some relations, nearly as poor as myself, when I one day received an order to 'wait at the Admiralty the next morning.' I went, but without hope or interest. I couldn't guess why I was sent for, but no touch of expectancy made me anxious for the result. I waited from eleven till four in the ante-room; and at last, after some fifty had had audiences, Lieutenant Sickleton was called. The time was I would have trembled at such an interview to the very marrow of my bones. Disappointment, however, had nerved me now, and I stood as much at ease and composed as I sit here. 'You are Mr. Sickleton,' said the first lord, who was a 'tartar?' 'Yes, my lord.' 'You invented a kind of pump—a hand pump, for launches and small craft, I think?' 'Yes, my lord.' 'You have a model of the invention, too?' 'Yes, my lord.' 'Can you describe the principle of your discovery—is there anything, which, for its novelty, demands the peculiar attention of the Admiralty?' 'Yes—at least I think so, my lord,' said I; the last embers of hope beginning to flicker into a faint flame within. 'The whole is so simple, that I can, with your permission, make it perfectly intelligible, even here. There is a small double-acting piston—' 'Confound the fellow! don't let him bore us now,' said Admiral M—in

a whisper quite loud enough for me to overhear it. 'If it amuses his majesty, that's enough. Tell him what's wanted, and let him go.' 'Oh, very well,' said the first lord, who seemed terribly afraid of his colleague. 'It is the king's wish, Mr. Sickleton, that your invention should be tested under his majesty's personal inspection, and you are therefore commanded to present yourself at Windsor, on Monday next, with your model, at eleven o'clock. It is not very cumbersome, I suppose?' 'No, my lord; it only weighs four and a half hundred weight.' 'Pretty well for a model; but here is an order for a wagon. You'll present this at Woolwich.' He bowed, and turned his back, and I retreated. Sharp to the hour of eleven, I found myself at Windsor on the following Monday. It was past two, however, before his majesty could see me. There were audiences and foreign ambassadors, papers to read, commissions to sign—in fact, when two o'clock came, the king had only got through a part of his day's work, and then it was luncheon time. This was over about three; and at last his majesty, with the first lord, two admirals, and an old post captain, who, by the way, had once put me in irons for not saluting his majesty's guard when coming up to the watch at midnight, appeared on the terrace. The place selected for the trial was a neat little parterre outside one of the small drawing-rooms. There was a fountain supplied by two running streams, and this I was to experiment upon with my new pump. It was nervous enough to stand there before such a presence; but the uppermost thought in my mind was about my invention, and I almost forgot the exalted rank of my audience. After due presentation to his majesty, and a few common-place questions about where I had served, and how long, and so on, the king said, 'Come now, sir, let us see the pump at work, for we have n't much time to lose.' I immediately adjusted the apparatus, and when all was ready, I looked about in some dismay, for I saw no one to assist the working. There were present, besides the king and the three naval officers, only two fellows in full dress liveries, a devilish sight more pompous-looking than the king or the first lord. What was to be done. It was a dilemma I had never anticipated; and in my dire distress, I stepped back and whispered a word to old Admiral Beaufort, who was the kindest-looking of the party. 'What is he saying—what does he want?' said the king, who partly overheard the whisper. 'Mr. Sickleton remarks, your majesty, that he will need assistance to exhibit his invention—that he requires some one to work the pump.' 'Then why did n't he bring hands with him?' said the king, testily. 'I suppose the machine is not self-acting, and that he knew that before he came here.' I thought I'd have fainted at this rebuke from the lips of royalty itself, and so I stammered out some miserable excuse about not knowing if I were empowered to have brought aid—my ignorance of court etiquette—in fact, I blundered, and so far that the king cut me short by saying, 'Take those people there, sir, and don't delay us,' pointing to the two gentlemen in cocked hats, bags, and swords, that looked as if they could have danced on my grave with delight. In a flurry—compared to which a fever was composure—I instructed my two new assistants in the duty, and stationing myself with the hose to direct the operation of the jet, I gave the word to begin. Well! instead of a great dash of water spouting out some fifty feet in height, and

frizzing through the air like a rocket, there came a trickling, miserable dribble, that puddled at my very feet! I thought the sucker was clogged—the piston stopped—the valves impeded—twenty things did I fancy—but the sober truth was, these gilded rascals would n't do more than touch the crank with the tips of their fingers, and barely put sufficient force in the pressure to move the arm up and down. 'Work it harder, put more strength to it,' I whispered, in mortal fear to be overheard, but they never minded me in the least. Indeed, I almost think one fellow winked his eye ironically when I addressed him. 'Eh—what!' said the king, after ten minutes of an exhibition that were to me ten years at the galleys, 'these pumps do next to nothing. They make noise enough, but don't bring up any water at all.' The first lord shook his head in assent. Old Beaulerk made me a sign to give up the trial, and the post captain blurted out, in a half whisper, something about a 'blundering son of a dog's wife,' that nearly drove me mad. 'I say, Sickleton,' said the king, 'your invention is not worth the sawder it cost you. You could n't sprinkle the geraniums yonder in three weeks with it.' 'It's all the fault of these d—d buffers, please your majesty,' said I, driven clean out of my senses by failure and disgrace—and, to be sure, as hearty a roar of laughter followed as ever I listened to in my life—if they'd only bear a hand and work the crank as I showed them.'—As I spoke, I leaned over, and took hold of the crank myself, letting the hose rest on my shoulder. With two vigorous pulls, I filled the pistons full, and, at the third, rush went the stream with the force of a congreve—not, indeed, over the trees, as I expected, but full in the face of the first lord; scarcely was his cry uttered, when a fourth dash laid him full upon his back, drenched from head to foot, and nearly senseless from the shock. The king screamed with laughing—the admiral shouted—the old post captain swore—and I, not knowing one word of all that was happening behind my back, worked away for the bare life, till the two footmen, at a signal from the admiral, laid hold of me by main force, and dragged me away, the perspiration dripping from my forehead, and my uniform all in rags by the exertion. 'Get away as fast as you can, sir,' whispered old B., 'and thank God if your day's work only puts you at the end of the list.' I followed the counsel—I don't know how—I never could recollect one event from that moment—till I awoke the next morning at my aunt's cottage at Blackwall, and saw my coat in tatters, and the one epaulette hanging by a thread; then I remembered my blessed invention, and I think I showed good pluck by not going clean out of my mind."

We may possibly return to "Roland Cashel" when the "charm's wound up."

THE SHAKSPEARE ALMANAC, FOR 1849.—This almanac consists of a calendar, every week-day containing a quotation from Shakspeare, with generally some memorable event—a birth-day, a death or an action—preceding the passage. The quotations have not often much of felicitous adaptation, unless the subject itself was in Shakspeare's mind. Under the day of Washington's death we read, for the apt coincidence, "He is an honorable man;" and the well-known passage from *Macbeth*, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased," is appended to the anniversary of Byron's marriage.—*Spect.*

From the Literary World.

*The Life of Major General Muhlenberg, of the Revolutionary Army.* By HENRY A. MUHLENBERG. Philadelphia. 1849.

ONE of the most honorable families founded in America is that which looks back to its head in a venerable German Doctor of Divinity, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, who, in the year 1741, left his native country, to accept the appointment of missionary to the Lutherans of Pennsylvania. He brought with him a force of character, a simple piety, and a thorough university education, which rendered him, in the discharge of the duties of his new sphere, emphatically one of the builders of the American state. He died in 1787. The good manners which his life and discipline had sanctioned and confirmed, took root, and when the struggle for independence broke out, George Washington looked to that quarter for reliable aid. It was forthcoming. Of the three sons of Dr. Muhlenberg two are identified with the history of the country; nor has the race failed with the third generation. The eldest, Peter, the future major general, was marked out by his father for the duties of the Christian ministry; not, however, without solicitude for the course his passion for active life might lead him to take. When the son was sixteen, his father on sending him to Europe consigned to a certain Dr. Ziegenhagen, writes to the latter of "his chief fault and bad inclination, a fondness for hunting and fishing—but if our most reverend fathers at Halle observe any tendency to vice, I would humbly beg that they send him to a well disciplined garrison town, under the name of Peter Wieser, before he causes much trouble or complaint. There he may obey the drum if he will not follow the spirit of God. My prayers will follow him, and if his soul only is saved, be he in what condition he may, I shall be content. I well know what Satan wishes for me and mine." The sagacity of the parent was not mistaken; Peter was in hot water at the university; he struck his tutor in a public procession, and fled, *enlisting in a regiment of dragoons*. An anecdote connected with this circumstance is worth repeating.

#### HIER KOMMT TEUFEL PIET.

The precise length of time he remained with this regiment the writer has no means of ascertaining. He must, however, have fully upheld the character he had gained at the university, as appears from the following anecdote connected with this regiment, related by himself, and still preserved as a family tradition. Ten or eleven years after, the battle of Brandywine was fought. In that action General Muhlenberg commanded a brigade of Virginians, which with Weedon's was thrown forward at the close of that hard-fought day, to repel the victorious advance of the enemy, and give time to our shattered columns to retreat. The struggle was at the point of the bayonet, and it so happened that this very regiment, dismounted, was one of those opposed to Muhlenberg's command. The general, mounted upon a white horse, tall and commanding in his figure, was very conspicuous at the head of his men, leading on the long line of continentals; when

the contending parties came near enough to be recognized, many of the older soldiers (German enlistments being for life) remembered their former comrade, and the cry ran along their astonished ranks, "*Hier kommt teufel Piet!*" (Here comes Devil Pete.)

A colonel of the British army, a friend of the family, recognized his young acquaintance in the regiment, procured his discharge, and carried him home to America. Nature had intended him for a soldier, but he listened to the counsels of his father, and was ordained a minister. Subsequently, to hold certain ecclesiastical privileges in Virginia, he proceeded to London for Episcopal ordination, and was ordained at the same time with the future Bishop White, priest, by the Bishop of London. His journal mentions, as a matter of course, what would be a matter for comment now-a-days, that he and Mr. White went to the theatre to witness the performance of Garrick.

The preliminary struggles of the revolution broke out. Muhlenberg was by the side of Patrick Henry, and when the time came for action he raised a regiment, formally preaching his last sermon one Sunday, with his preacher's gown thrown over his full regimentals. At the close of his discourse he threw off his canonicals, appearing before the congregation in his military equipment, and with the stirring words on his lips—"In the language of Holy Writ there is a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times have passed away—there is a time to fight, and that time has now come!" He ordered the drums to beat at the church door, and old men, we are told, brought forward their children, wives their husbands, widowed mothers their sons, to serve their country. This was the spirit of the American Revolution.

Colonel Muhlenberg was first employed in the southern campaigns. He fought at Sullivan's Island. As brigadier general he fought, according to the anecdote we have given, at Brandywine. He was at Germantown, at Monmouth, at Stony Point, and shared the closing triumphs of the war at Yorktown. He was one of the last major generals created in the war. His subsequent congressional career forms part of our political history. He died in 1807.

A life embracing these incidents was worthy of a separate narrative, and the reader may trace in this volume the particulars of the association of its subject with Washington, Henry, Greene, Wayne, and other memorable men, and not a few of the most important events of the period. The notes and illustrative matter are of rare interest. The extracts from the journal of old Dr. Muhlenberg, residing at Trappe or New Providence, exhibit a curious picture of the war. We glean a few passages.

Thursday, September 11th, 1777.—This morning we heard hard and long-continued cannonading, which seemed to be about thirty miles off towards the Brandywine Creek.

Friday, September 12th.—We received one mes-



sage after another, that the loss of the American army was very serious, and this evening my son Fred. returned from Philadelphia, with his wife and child, with the news that the British army was already near the city. In the afternoon, six wagons with a guard passed by; they conveyed the principal captive Quakers to Augusta county, Virginia. Now, Pennsylvania, prepare to meet the Lord your God.

Wednesday, September 17th.—Since yesterday, and the whole night through, the stormy rain has continued and still continues. The poor children of men in both armies are badly off, and must bear the cold wind and rain without tents or shelter, which, particularly at this period of the equinox, causes serious illness. Here am I, old and worn out, with a sick wife subject to hysterical paroxysms, have with me two daughters, two sons' wives with two infant children, and my sons' parents-in-law, and expect every day and hour that a British division will cross the Schuylkill and treat us without distinction, as the providence of God has ordered and will allow. We cannot well fly, for there is no place safe. Where the two armies do not reach, there are thieves, robbers, and murderers, who take advantage of the present time and condition.

Friday, September 19th.—In the afternoon we had news that the British troops on the other side of Schuylkill had marched down towards Providence, and with a telescope we could see their camp. In consequence of this, the American army, four miles from us, forded the Schuylkill and came upon the Philadelphia road, at the Augustus church, but were wet breast high. His excellency, General Washington, was with the troops who marched past here to the Perkiomen. The procession lasted the whole night, and we had all kinds of visits from officers wet to the breast, who had to march in that condition the cold damp night through, and to bear hunger and thirst at the same time. This robs them of courage and health, and instead of prayers, we hear from most, the national evil, curses.

Saturday, September 20.—The two armies are near together, the Americans on this side and the British on the other side of Schuylkill. Our weaker vessels have baked bread twice to-day, and distributed all the food we had to the sick and ailing. In the evening a nurse, with three English children of a fugitive family of consequence, from Philadelphia, arrived, and could get no further, as it was night. They begged for lodging, which we granted, as good or bad as we had it. "Give shelter willingly," (Rom. xii. 13,) particularly to children, who are yet saints. There were also two negroes, servants of the English family, who wished to one another in secret that the British might be victorious, as then all negro slaves would become free; and this opinion is said to be general among all negroes in America.

Saturday, September 27.—To-day I was requested to bury the child of one of our vestrymen. I went to the church, but found to my sorrow that a regiment of Pennsylvania militia had quartered in the church and school-house. The church was quite filled with officers and soldiers, and their arms. It was full at the organ, on which one was playing, and others singing to it; below was an abundance of straw and manure, and on the altar they had their victuals. In short, I saw in miniature the spirit of destruction in holy places. I went in, but did not think it prudent to say anything to the crowd, as

they began to mock, and several called to the player of the organ to play a Hessian march. I sought Colonel Dunlap, and asked if this was the promised protection to civil and religious liberty. He excused himself by saying that the militia was composed of men of all nations, and it was difficult to keep up strict discipline with them. The school-master complained that they had destroyed his buckwheat and garden vegetables. I could not help him, as my own lot of three acres, near the church, which was full of buckwheat in blossom, and from which I had hoped a frugal supply for the winter, had twenty horses in it, wasting far more than they consumed; and if one says a word, you are called a tory.

From the National Era.

# IMPROMPTU

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

ALL day the darkness and the cold  
Upon my heart have lain,  
Like shadows on the winter sky,  
Like frost upon the pane!

But now my torpid Fancy wakes,  
And, on thy Eagle's plume,  
Rides forth like Sinbad on his bird,  
Or witch upon her broom!

Below me roar the rocking pines,  
Before me spreads the lake,  
Whose long and solemn-sounding waves  
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild rice-eater thresh  
The grain it has not sown;  
I see with flashing scythe of fire  
The prairie harvest mown!

I hear the far-off voyager's horn;  
I see the Yankee's trail—  
His foot on every mountain pass,  
On every stream his sail.

He's whittling round St. Mary's falls,  
Upon his loaded wain;  
He's leaving on the Pictured Rocks  
His fresh tobacco-stain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,  
The axe-stroke in the dell,  
The clamor from the Indian lodge,  
The Jesuits' chapel bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come  
From Mississippi's springs;  
And war-chiefs with their painted brows  
And crests of eagle-wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe  
The steamer smokes and raves;  
And city lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian graves.

By forest lake and water-fall  
I see the pedler's show;  
The mighty mingling with the mean,  
The lofty with the low.

I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be;  
The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here  
Are plastic yet, and warm;  
The chaos of a mighty world  
Is rounding into form.

Each rude and jostling fragment soon  
 Its fitting place shall find—  
 The raw material of a state,  
 Its muscle and its mind !

And, westering still, the star which leads  
 The new world in its train  
 Has tipped with fire the icy spears  
 Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon  
 Are kindling on its way ;  
 And California's golden sands  
 Gleam brighter in its ray !

Then, blessings on thy eagle quill,  
 As, wandering far and wide,  
 I thank thee for this twilight dream  
 And Fancy's airy ride.

Yet, welcomer than regal plume,  
 Which western trappers find,  
 Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance-sown,  
 Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain bird,  
 Whose glistening quill I hold ;  
 Thy home the ample air of Hope,  
 And Memory's sunset gold !

In thee let joy with duty join,  
 And strength unite with love ;  
 The eagle's pinions folding round  
 The warm heart of the dove.

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale  
 Where still the blind bird clings,  
 The sunshine of the upper sky  
 Shall glitter on thy wings ! J. G. W.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

#### SERENADE.

OVER the mountain side  
 Twilight is creeping ;  
 Earthward heaven's thousand-eyed  
 Spirits are peeping ;  
 Through the still grove the breeze  
 Faintly is sighing,  
 Breathing forth fragrances  
 Even in dying ;  
 Soft on the rising haze  
 Moonlight is streaming,  
 As if of other days  
 Sunset were dreaming,  
 Beauty could ne'er create  
 Hour which should be  
 Meeter to consecrate,  
 Maiden, to thee.

Come, let us steal away  
 From the world's traces :  
 Earth's things belong to day,  
 But the soft graces  
 Which round the twilight hour  
 Tremblingly hover,  
 Ever have been the dower  
 Of the fond lover ;  
 Of fervor's deepest sigh,  
 Hallowingly blended  
 With spirit purity,  
 Such as has tended  
 Often the doubt to frame,  
 To its sweet birth  
 Which has the closest claim,  
 Eden or earth.

Few are the sunny hours  
 Life has to cherish ;

Let us not suffer ours  
 Idly to perish.  
 Star, on my clouded sky  
 Lonely beaming,  
 Queen of the destiny  
 Hope would die dreaming,  
 Spirit, whose potent wand  
 Joy's life has measured,  
 Shine where a thousand fond  
 Feelings lie treasured.  
 Light winds sigh wooingly,  
 Tumult is dumb ;  
 All things look sunningly,  
 Come, lady, come.

From Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

#### MEMENTOS.

ARRANGING long-locked drawers and shelves  
 Of cabinets, shut up for years,  
 What a strange task we've set ourselves !  
 How still the lonely room appears !  
 How strange this mass of ancient treasures,  
 Mementos of past pains and pleasures :  
 These volumes, clasped with costly stone,  
 With print all faded, gilding gone ;  
 These fans of leaves, from Indian trees—  
 These crimson shells, from Indian seas—  
 These tiny portraits set in rings,  
 Once, doubtless, deemed such precious things ;  
 Keepsakes bestowed by Love on Faith,  
 And worn till the receiver's death,  
 Now stored with cameos, china, shells,  
 In this old closet's dusty cells.

I scarcely think for ten long years,  
 A hand has touched these relics old ;  
 And, coating each, slow-formed appears,  
 The growth of green and antique mould.

All in this house is mossing over ;  
 All is unused, and dim, and damp ;  
 Nor light, nor warmth the rooms discover—  
 Bereft for years of fire and lamp.

The sun, sometimes in summer, enters  
 The casements, with reviving ray ;  
 But the long rains of many winters  
 Moulder the very walls away.

And outside all is ivy, clinging  
 To chimney, lattice, gable grey ;  
 Scarcely one little red rose springing  
 Through the green moss can force its way.

Unscared, the daw and starling nestle,  
 Where the tall turret rises high,  
 And winds alone come near to rustle  
 The thick leaves where their cradles lie.

I sometimes think, when late at even  
 I climb the stair reluctantly,  
 Some shape that should be well in heaven,  
 Or ill elsewhere, will pass me by.

I fear to see the very faces,  
 Familiar thirty years ago.  
 Even in the old accustomed places  
 Which look so cold and gloomy now.

I've come to close the window, hither,  
 At twilight, when the sun was down,  
 And fear my very soul would wither,  
 Lest something should be dimly shown,  
 Too much the buried form resembling,  
 Of her who once was mistress here ;  
 Lest doubtful shade, or moonbeam trembling,  
 Might take her aspect, once so dear.

From the National Era.

## POEMS—BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

WE have received from the author this unpretending and modest volume. Many of its best pieces were already familiar to us, and we take a real pleasure in commending them to our readers. Simplicity, ease, and a graceful freedom belonging to the old and pastoral days of New England—something which calls up the memory of the sleigh-ride and the husking—a flavor borrowed of the summer winds blowing over clover-bloom and sweet-brier, or of lilacs nodding before the open window of a moonlight night—characterize these poems. There is nothing to excite the passions—nothing gloomy and morbid—no mystery—no hints of unutterable things; all is plain, quiet, and genial; the pathos and the mirth, the sunshine and shadow of life, among the corn-growing, sheep-raising yeomanry of the mountains of Vermont. Take the following admirable picture for example:—

The farmer sat in his easy chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
And his hale old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away;  
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,  
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,  
With a tear on his wrinkled face;  
He thought how often her mother, dead,  
Had sat in the self-same place;  
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,  
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry."

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,  
Where the shade after noon used to steal;  
The busy old wife, by the open door,  
Was turning the spinning wheel;  
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree  
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,  
While close to his heaving breast  
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair  
Of his sweet grand-child were pressed;  
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay,  
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day.

Some of the little songs in this collection are note-worthy, for their artless grace, simple truthfulness, and the entire absence of meretricious ornament. "Mill May" is a specimen:—

The strawberries grow in the mowing, Mill May,  
And the bob-o'-link sings on the tree;  
On the knolls the red clover is growing, Mill May,  
Then come to the meadows with me!  
We'll pick the ripe clusters, among the deep grass,  
On the knolls in the mowing, Mill May,  
And the long afternoon together we'll pass  
Where the clover is growing, Mill May.

The sun stealing under your bonnet, Mill May,  
Shall kiss a soft glow to your face;  
And your lip the red berries leave on it, Mill May,  
A tint that the sea-shell would grace;  
Then, come, the ripe clusters among the deep grass  
We'll pick in the mowing, Mill May;  
And the long afternoon together we'll pass,  
Where the clover is growing, Mill May!

Or this:—

She glided down the mazy dance,  
All eyes upon her glancing;  
And everybody vowed, who saw,  
'T was floating more than dancing.  
The bluest eye, the rosiest cheek,  
A lip like morning weather,  
When on the flower and grass you have  
The sun and dew together.

We could quote many other passages which have pleased us, did our limits allow of it; and in dismissing the volume we cannot but express the hope, which all who read it we are sure will unite in, that its author will continue, uninfluenced by the dreamy metaphysics, and far-fetched conceits, and shallow philosophies, of too much of our modern literature, to find subjects for his simple verse in the scenery of his own hills and valleys, and the home joys and griefs of human nature, as they exist among his own people.

J. G. W.

From the Home Journal.

## HOME.

THOU, whose every hour  
Is spent in home's green bower,  
Where love like golden fruit o'erhanging grows,  
Where friends to thy soul sweet,  
United, circling meet,  
As lapping leaves that form the entire rose;  
Thank thy God well—soon from this joy, thy day  
Passes away.

Thou, at whose household fire,  
Still sits thine aged sire,  
An angel guest with lore as those of old;  
Make thy young children's care  
That crown of hoary hair  
Which the calm heavens love as they behold!  
Soon, soon, the glory of that sunset ray  
Passes away.

Thou, from whose household nooks  
Peep forth gay, gleaming looks,  
Those "fairy-heads" shot up from opening  
flowers,  
With wondrous perfume filled,  
The fresh, the undistilled,  
The overflowing bliss that childhood showers;  
Praise Him who gave, and at whose word their  
stay  
Passes away.

Thou, with another heart  
United, though apart,  
As two close stars that mingling shine but one;  
Whose pleasant pathway lies  
'Neath tender watchful eyes,  
Where love shines clearer than the morning sun;  
Praise God for life, that in such soft array  
Passes away.

More—more—thou hast yet more!  
These, thy heart's treasured store  
Transferred to heaven, may win immortal birth,  
With radiant seraphs there  
May tune ambrosial air  
To ever-glorying hymns of praise, while earth,  
Like lingering music from some harper gray,  
Passes away.  
H. L. C.

Trenton, Jan., 1849.



From Chambers' Journal.

## HOW TO GET ON.

Is there, then, no general rule for "getting on" in the world? We think there is. We cannot tell what is coming; but we can hold ourselves in preparation for what may befall. A ship that goes forth upon the ocean is provided with appliances both for catching the breeze and evading the storm; and were it otherwise, she would have no chance of making a prosperous voyage. If we examine the history of men who have risen in society, we find their elevation, although apparently the result of chance, to be due, in reality, to the fact of their being *ready* to take advantage of the wind or the current. To suppose otherwise is to suppose human beings to be inert logs floating upon the stream, or feathers dancing in the air. When we hear of a man plodding for life at a thankless profession, we may, in nine cases out of ten, conclude him to be destitute of the information or accomplishments which would have enabled him to take advantage of the thousand circumstances which are constantly at work in such crowded communities as ours.

We are frequently told of persons who have "got on" by *chance*; but if we inquire into the particulars of the story, we are sure to discover that they possessed peculiar capabilities for taking advantage of the opening that may have occurred. We knew a lad who was chosen from his compeers for a service which eventually led to prodigious advancement. And why? Simply because this lad possessed, in a higher degree than the others, the accomplishment of penmanship, which happened to be specially wanted in his new employment. The illustration is an humble one; but if we call to mind the character of the age we live in, its varied knowledge, and high-toned refinement, we shall be led from it to conclude, as a general rule, that something more than chance must rule the destinies of the fortunate. To descend still lower; suppose a cobbler working at his stall in a village—industriously, soberly, perseveringly. All, perhaps, will not do. The village is waxing to a town; sanguine cobblers come faster than shoes to mend; and the poor man sinks into destitution. Why is this? Because he was a cobbler who stuck like cobbler's wax to the proverb, and never went beyond his last. Because his mind was imprisoned in his stall. Because he was unable to take advantage of any one of the currents and counter-currents that are rushing and gushing in a rising place, and when his own stagnated, could only drift like a lifeless log.

The way to get on is not to rush from employment to employment, or to worry ourselves and others with our impatience, but to keep up, as far as circumstances permit, with the requirements of a refined and accomplished age, and thus be ready to avail ourselves of any reasonable opportunities that may offer. If no such opportunities occur, what then? Why, then, we have enjoyed the finer part of success; we have lived beyond our social condition; we have held intellectual association with the master minds of the world; we have prolonged even life itself, by multiplying the spirit of life, which is Thought. As for the notion that we can only extend our mental acquisitions by neglecting our social employment, that is a fallacy which is refuted by the very constitution of the society in which we live. Were this notion correct, there would be no such thing as the constant progression we have described from the lower to the higher ranks: the whole mass would stagnate.

But while openly avowing our disbelief in the old quack nostrums which it has been customary to administer, by way of a *placebo*, to impatient spirits, we do not go the length of denying to each its own special virtue. Perseverance, energy, prudence, resolution, sobriety, honesty—all are *necessary* for success; but neither singly nor in the aggregate are they capable of insuring it. If we seek advancement, our minds must expand beyond our present position, whatever it be; and this they can only do by the acquisition of knowledge. It is a simple secret no doubt—as simple as that of Columbus when he taught his audience how to make an egg stand on end. But for all that, it is the solution of the grand question: it is the way, and the only way, to GET ON.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## LOVE'S TREASON.

It was the old knight's only child  
Went forth upon the twilight wild:  
The silent sky was purple grey  
With one pale light of yellow day,  
That hung upon the western track,  
And marked the level distance black.

And there they met; a minstrel he,  
The landless soldier's daughter she.  
The clouds hung heavy o'er the hill,  
The broad, bare waste was dark and still,  
But love in either heart was bright,  
And so they stood beneath the night.

And o'er the breezy wold they strayed,  
And through the woods he led the maid;  
And his the mighty gift of song  
That lent its magic to his tongue;  
And love, and love, was still the theme  
That lulled their hearts in happy dream.

Beyond the margin of the wood,  
In stately pride a castle stood;  
And as they gazed, all lustrous bright,  
As joy bursts in on sorrow's night,  
The gracious moon poured down her sheen,  
A silver shower o'er the scene.

And then he clasped the maiden's hand,  
And looked upon the spreading laird,  
And said, No minstrel poor was he,  
But noble earl, of high degree,  
And hailed her ladie mistress there  
Of castle proud and forest fair.

But with a wonder strange she heard,  
In breathless hush, her lover's word,  
And in her face a wild dismay;  
And then she drew her hand away,  
And calmer grew her brow and eye,  
That told a settled purpose high.

She said: "Love is a thing of light,  
Nor brooks the shade of falsehood's night;  
And love must shrink, and fade, and faint,  
Within the circle of its taint;  
Forever and forever die,  
Whose life is nourished by a lie!"

And then she drew her mantle round,  
And turned her to the forest bound;  
Transfixed all in stark despair,  
He stood and gazed upon her there,  
Until beneath the wings of night  
She passed forever from his sight.

## EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LIVING AGE.

Paris, 5 January, 1849.

THE new year has been more lively and business-like than we expected. Some confidence seemed to spring up among the artificers and shopmen; and the display of goods and gifts for the season, though far inferior to that of last year, would have been deemed wonderfully beautiful and various in any other capital. The last days of December were quite cold and gloomy; on the 1st inst. the weather greatly improved; the boulevards, for miles, on the broad pavements of asphalté, were lined with fancy articles of every possible description and price; half the population at least were abroad gazing or purchasing; it resembled a boundless and crowded fair, more curious in all respects than any I had ever witnessed. The traffic and throng continued until near midnight under a clear and mild sky. What with the city gas-lights, the illumination of the windows, and the numberless lamps and tapers used by the petty dealers on the side-walks, no scene could be more animated and brilliant. In consequence of the hard times, every one disposed to play the pedlar was allowed to parade his wares, subject to the regulations of the police, which were admirably maintained, for a clear passage of the hosts of spectators. Although the sales are said to have been immense, I could not even yesterday perceive a diminution in the richness and variety of the shop windows. The streets are still thronged with parents, children, and servants carrying purchases; for *etrennes*, new years gifts, are nearly universal; the very indigent contrive to buy and bestow, and the custom is indeed salutary from its influence on mutual feeling, and the exercise of taste and skill in the products of industry. No disorders occurred, unless we may place under that head swarms of beggars whom the police appeared to indulge against law, as if the occasion was an exception; a just as well as charitable view.

Last year opened with the brightest anticipation of prosperity for manufactures and trade; the fashionable world expected a matchless winter and spring; opulent and titled strangers flocked in, every week; all the laborious and the dissipated were buoyant with hope; the court entertainments were to be incomparably splendid and costly; half the British aristocracy to be attracted; book-wrights, play-wrights, all classes and species of artists, had prepared themselves for successful exertion. You know what a change the three days of February produced. The year 1849 opens with a contrast to the last. Some return of hope and enterprise since the election of Louis Napoleon, but, on the whole, no absolute confidence anywhere.

If I had been absent during the year 1847, and had returned on the first of this month, in ignorance of any change except the translation from the Tuileries to the Palace Elysée Bourbon, of

what is still universally called *le pouvoir*, that is, the executive—I might have supposed all other things to be in *statu quo*. We witnessed, on the 31st December and the two first days of the year, the same assemblages of musical bands; processions of the public authorities of every description; deputations of military officers; line of diplomatic equipages; ranks of representatives; veterans of the imperial guard, on their way to the palace to compliment the chief and his family. The receptions were in nearly the same style, and *gazetted* pompously, as heretofore, in the *Moniteur Universel*. There is this difference, however, that solemn adulatory addresses were not delivered; a custom, under the monarchy, carried to an inordinate and fulsome degree; the replies of the sovereign, bearing on the politics and parties of the day, often begot diffusive umbrage and acrimonious criticism. Louis Napoleon was well advised in causing it to be officially announced that formal addresses were not expected; some of them, if permitted, might have been frigid, or equivocal, or ultra-discreet or indiscreet; along with his replies, they might have served to bind him anew, too closely, to the constitution and the republic.

French gentlemen, his visitors, and some members of the diplomatic corps, have informed me that his welcome was simple, unembarrassed, and altogether gentlemanly; he made apt and polite remarks, and distinguished with adroitness and promptitude the professional and political cast of those whom he accosted—"troops of friends" as large as the succession of courtiers at the Tuileries on like occasions. Of the *corps diplomatique*, the pope's nuncio, the British and Spanish ambassadors, and then the American minister, first presented themselves in succession; to each very civil phrases were pronounced. The Duke de Soto Mayor, the Spanish envoy, was greeted with marked satisfaction. To Mr. Rush, esteem for the American republic, and wishes for continued amity between her and France, were expressed in tolerable English. But—let me signalize the circumstance—in the official report of the levee, the presence of the American legation is entirely omitted; there is mention only of the papal and monarchical representatives and of *chargés d'affaires* who are not specified. This bears affinity to Lamartine's omission in his report, heretofore mentioned. Are the United States so little important that they can be pretermitted or forgotten thus! Did they neglect to salute the French republic at its dawn! It may, however, have been accident—sheer inadvertence, or sheer ignorance of the reporter. It could not be known from any of the journals, even from Galignani's Messenger, that Mr. Rush, who personally enjoys coördinate esteem, was present to act with his brethren. Several French readers of the official paragraph have asked me if he had joined in the ceremonial, supposing that he would have been recorded with particular care and emphasis. We Americans may now, truly, take it in dudgeon, or disdain, when we are not nationally heeded and distinguished in a

measure equal at least to the treatment of any other power. What other exists, or survives since February, with so much intrinsic might and vitality?

The *Journal des Débats*, of the 1st instant, has an editorial article on the news brought by the steamer Cambria; the writer cites some sad details of South American and Mexican discords and perils, and proceeds in this strain—"As a contrast to this piteous story, the newspapers of the United States relate their history. With them, on the contrary, all announces unexampled prosperity, a development of national energy which nothing can repress, a confidence in the future, and a consciousness of present welfare, which may excite envy in all the other nations of the earth. There, the executive authority and functions, the whole government, are about to pass from the hands of one party into those of another, and no one in the vast territory of the Union seems to think that the transfer can induce the slightest perturbation. Fortunate country, where all believe in the supremacy of the law, and know how to respect it! Although public opinion gives credit and thanks to the expiring administration for everything they have achieved for the good of the common country, the president elect is hailed with a sort of delirium of joy. Old Rough and Ready, (*le vieux Rude et Prêt*,) wherever he goes, is surrounded by masses who do him patriotic and grateful homage. Sentimental enthusiasm occasions extraordinary and diverting scenes. Nevertheless, man, in the United States, does not, any more than elsewhere, live on sentiment; business, in sooth, fills a larger space there, in his mind, than perhaps in any other country. Thus, as a natural consequence, a grateful attention is given to the documents which the cabinet of Mr. Polk (the secretaries) have just issued, and which demonstrate, for all branches of the public service and of national activity, a marvellous energy and success." It is painful for me to add that the political distractions in Ohio, upon which the London editors pounced with a spiteful satisfaction not to be disguised, have been introduced into the Paris journals, with a feeling on the side of the anarchists that *they* are countenanced, and on that of the monarchists that *they* can tax even the best existing or possible republicanism with factious and reckless excesses. The soberest of the French occasionally remark—"Lo! the solid Germans, and the acute Italians, can be as frantic, headlong, and bewildered as we have ever been." *Revolution in an American State*, is the title of the current account. In the *Constitutionnel*, of this day, the alterations in the senate at Washington, caused by the petition from Mexico, are signalized as symptomatic of dangerous heats and extremities. Another journal contains a version of the bill of Mr. Senator Douglas, for the admission of California into the Union, and explains it as a laudable compromise, which the magnitude of the interests, the splendor of the destinies in jeopardy, should recommend to every patriotic American, to whatever state or section he may belong.

The *Journal des Débats*, of the 1st, furnished a good translation of the whole of Colonel Mason's Report to the Secretary of War, on the gold mines of California. The greater part of it has been copied into other daily sheets. The translator exclaims, in the *Débats*, "In learning these discoveries, and the magnificent American undertakings of steam-lines and rail-roads, how bitter the contemplation of our own case, how melancholy the condition of our unfortunate country, with the very sources of its prosperity dried up." A despondency, which both surprises and touches me, prevails here among public men of the highest intelligence, who have no immediate connection with the political world. Yesterday I put the voluminous Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Walker, into the hands of Professor Blanqui, the political economist and free-trade oracle. He had occasion to write to me about his recent report, of the first part of which I have sent you an English version. In his note, he observes, "I thank you for the design of bringing my production to the notice of your countrymen; but you do not need to borrow anything from foreign nations; your country sets good examples of every kind. Alas! how little are they imitated in Europe." The *Journal des Economistes* will turn the secretary's doctrines and reasonings to plenary account; these will not, however, be adopted, in practice, by the republican more than the monarchical rulers. If M. Leon Faucher was not, in the formation of the cabinet of President Louis, placed at the head of the department of commerce, instead of the public works, it was because of his eminence and activity in the free-trade school.

On Tuesday evening Louis Napoleon was at the grand opera, in the box which belonged to the deceased Duke of Orleans; on one side of him sat the Marquis of Normandy, the British ambassador; on the other General Changarnier, commander of the national guards and of all the troops of our military division; behind were aids-de-camps in full costume. Lord Normandy's intimacy is of old London date; I think that I have heretofore mentioned to you his special familiarity and courtiership with Cavaignac, while the soldier of fortune reigned. The policy of *entente cordiale* seems fixed with the British cabinet; the long residence of Louis Napoleon in England; his social relations; his personal friendships; his difficulties and his precarious situation must incline him the same way. His uncle Jerome has been installed, with the usual solemnities, as governor of the Hotel des Invalides; he was brilliantly attended; you will see his speech in the papers I send you by the present conveyance. In some of the newspapers, his exploits as a naval officer, and commander of a division of the French army, when King of Westphalia, are celebrated in Pindaric vein. In surveying the different halls of the majestic edifice, he halted long in that of the Mausoleum, with a countenance and attitude of pious and mournful devotion to the remains of his brother. The eve of the anniversary of the translation of the remains, Louis Napoleon went to



pray for some time near the monument! By the way, the architects, artists, and others engaged to complete it, have united in a petition, in which they complain that, since the revolution of February, they have not been paid, and they have therefore suffered in their general concerns, besides the privation. Lucien Murat, who resided so long at Bordentown, in New Jersey, is a candidate for the post of colonel of a regiment of guards. His address is well conceived and well expressed. He tells the regiment that he learned in America what was a moderate and duly progressive republic, and that, as a member of the National Assembly, he has resisted all anarchy.

*La Presse*, of this day, gives a translation of Director Patterson's report from the Philadelphia Mint, of the assay of California gold, and of Mr. Cutting's account of the El Dorado. The same journal passes a lofty encomium on the zeal and ability with which it believes Mr. Secretary Walker to have administered the treasury department. A specimen of the California treasure, which was exhibited on Wednesday at an evening party, attracted much attention. The *Memoirs of Chateaubriand* and the *Confidences* of Lamartine appear alternately in the feuilleton of *La Presse*. A friend has done into English Lamartine's preface and apology, which has the form of an epistle to a literary man, the companion of his boyhood. You will remark how he avails himself of *sentiment* on every occasion. His admirers are ashamed of the nature of the publication; they exhort him, in the newspapers, to withdraw his *Confidences*, to save both his personal character and his renown as a writer. The *res angusta domi* is the plea of both the French idols. But Lamartine could have extricated himself from his immediate embarrassment by stipulating with bankers and booksellers for another kind of work. Prolix digressions, exorbitant descriptions, puerile details, and, not infrequently, mere twaddle and drivel, may be imputed to both the *Memoirs* and the *Confidences*. Vanity—an overweening fondness for whatever appertained to the existence and acts of the authors—dictated the design and a large portion of these pages. Such was the main impulse with Rousseau in his *Confessions*. He doated on the turpitudes and crimes, as well as the labors and triumphs, of his life. He may not have wanted some sense of the shame and villainess of the elaborate disclosures, but self-love and self-worship prevailed.

The Italian theatre is not yet reopened; a new contract with the government is said to have been completed yesterday. Paris can hardly be imagined without that opera which New York can maintain. The Italian theatre in France dates from the year 1548; it has been many times closed, and for long intervals. The present is since the 26th November last. The French Comic Opera regales us with a new piece in two acts, *Le Caid*, which is entirely successful. The music is by Ambroise Thomas.

Vice-Admiral Cécille, just appointed ambassa-

dor to the Court of London, was born in 1797; rose from the humblest to his present station in the navy; has seen much service in the East Indies and the South Seas, and been employed, from time to time, in political agencies. He is less, however, of a politician, though a member of the National Assembly, than of a naval worthy. He is distinguished by sound sense, temperate spirit, and unaffected amenity and frankness. M. de Lagrené, gazetted as the plenipotentiary of the republic to the Congress of Brussels, is the late French envoy to China, and was escorted to Macao by Vice-Admiral Cécille, in the command of his squadron. He has the recommendation of considerable and various diplomatic experience and cultivated talents. The present French minister of foreign affairs was chief of the commercial bureau of the department under M. Guizot; he had opportunity of becoming acquainted with the capacity of the two elect. The opposition journals object to both as not quite equal to the importance of their errands. Touching the Congress of Brussels, it may be still deferred—perhaps to the Greek Kalends. The mediation between Sardinia and Austria is now five months old, without known progress. Carnot, the ex-member of the provisional government, has presented to the department of war the inestimable military library of his celebrated father. This, the best collection of treatises on the art of war ever formed by an individual, may be consulted at the *Depôt de la Guerre*. The *Moniteur Universel*, of the 21st ult., contains the report of the committee of the National Assembly on the bill for the school of administration—the education of candidates for administrative functions. It is an exposition of motives and a detailed plan of studies; the different subjects and courses of instruction are specified: the whole deserves American attention. My old friend the editor of the *Moniteur* has not been removed. He served the monarchy well; is loyal to the republic, which he endowed with a book on the duties of a citizen, and, if we should reach the impérial régime, will be faithful to that while it lasts. What a repertory of national vicissitudes and antics, the said *Moniteur*! In the number of the 20th December, there is a tribute to the memory of Admiral Linois, who was thrice captured by the British. He died recently at Versailles. In 1809, in the month of May, I was introduced to him, at a *fête champêtre* at Bath, England. The weather was damp and cold. He said to me, shivering, "Ah, sir, this is not the country of *fêtes champêtres*." He was a gallant and skilful officer, though very unfortunate, and a polished gentleman. I observed with pleasure that the best English company in the gardens paid him every mark of cordial respect.

Eugene Bournouf, the classical scholar, President of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, pronounced, in the name of the Academy, at the grave of Letronne, a most impressive discourse on the merits and productions of his de-

ceased colleague. He cited the valuable share, with that signature, of the collections of the Academy and the pages of the *Journal des Savans*; he emblazoned the *Recueil* of the Latin and Greek inscriptions found in Egypt, with the interpretations and comments, as "one of the noblest monuments which French erudition had offered to the admiration of the learned world." Letronne was, at one time, inspector-general of the university and the military schools; at another, he held the highest post in the administration of the royal library; he lectured in the College of France, presided over the public archives, and acquitted himself in every sphere. This great hellenist and geographer was a modest and scrupulously-upright man; an amiable, affectionate, instructive acquaintance. It happened to me to visit him, now and then, and it is not easy for me to forget the interest he manifested in American classical and oriental studies. His final and favorite occupation was a critical examination of the monuments of Egypt. A new society of the friends of Polish democracy has been established in this capital;—it is a mask. We have, also, a new "Grand Association," for socialist propagandism. The journals of the socialists are to be multiplied and diffused, and missionaries sent over the country, out of a subscribed fund—ten cents a month for each member. The chief committee is established at Paris: it is composed of German, Italian, and Polish, as well as French patriots: it will be ramified abroad as extensively as possible. Let us hope that the regenerators will not think of your United States. The *Constitutionnel* of Wednesday, observes—"Confidence in our security against socialism would be our greatest danger." A number of the principal republicans of the eve and of the morrow have organized themselves here, and instituted committees and subscriptions in the provinces, for the protection of the constitution.

Paris, 6th Jan., 1849.

My desultory missive of yesterday does not contain the cardinal matters of the week past; upon them let us now dwell for a page or two. On the third day after the official promulgation of the list of the new ministry, rumors prevailed that dissensions had at once arisen between them and President Louis Napoleon. The premier averred to the Assembly that perfect concord existed—that no ground of difference was perceived. On the fifth day, we learned authentically a total rupture between his republican highness and two of the cabinet, besides a tender of resignation by the whole. The ministers of the interior and of commerce and agriculture had definitively withdrawn. Conjecture became busy concerning the causes. In some salons and journals it was affirmed that the Princess Demidoff, daughter of ex-King Jerome, and cousin of Louis, had, to further his election, pawned jewels of the value of two hundred thousand francs, on condition that a certain protégé of hers

should be placed at the head of the department of the fine arts. This favor was asked by Louis of the minister of the interior, and a list of other nominations of personal favorites annexed. A refusal provoked a presidential reprimand, which the minister would not brook. The scandalous chronicle for the Bonaparte family is not meagre; other explanations, a little worse, abounded. Several members of the National Assembly have related to me what they say they positively know. One, distinguished for talents, had conversed on the subject with the minister of the interior, M. Leon de Malleville, and with President Louis himself. The documents appertaining to the famous incursions of the prince at Strasbourg and Boulogne are of register in the department of the interior, in the custody of the minister. Louis had reason to believe that they included much curious, and, for him, important evidence of the machinations by which he had been betrayed into the Boulogne affair particularly, and of the active hostility of high personages who have recently professed the most friendly dispositions. M. Thiers is one of these; he, above all, must be understood; de Malleville had been the intimate, personal and political, of Thiers. The minister, decrying mischief ahead, and unwilling to embroil himself and his old leader, besides many noted politicians and military dignitaries who have promoted the election of Louis, declined to deliver the documents when asked by communication from the president. He then received a sort of mandate, haughty and tart enough in its tone and terms, which he submitted at once to his colleagues of the cabinet, declaring his unchangeable resolution to withdraw. They agreed to resign in a body. Louis Napoleon was annoyed and alarmed; he lavished explanation and apology; all were reconciled except de Malleville and the minister of agriculture and commerce, M. Bixio. The latter was the only republican of the old school in the cabinet; he was probably glad of a pretext to escape from an uncomfortable singleness, and to propitiate his first associates who had disclaimed him in the National. President Louis told my informant that the documents were confided to him by M. Leon Faucher, the successor of de Malleville, and that he returned them within two hours; that if de Malleville could not persuade himself to trust the originals, he might have caused copies to be made for the use of the head of the republic, who claims a constitutional right to inspect all or any of the public archives. The minister assured my informant of his conviction that Louis Napoleon meant to destroy a part of them. It is surmised that this part consisted of his own confidential communications to agents, and of letters quite humble and replete with fine promises addressed by the prisoner to Louis Philippe and to some of his judges in the chamber of peers. One of the results is an estrangement between Louis and M. Thiers, who may prove, anew, as formidable an enemy as he was a strange auxiliary in the election-canvass and the composition of a cabinet. He

is now accused of working for the cause of Henry V.; and, by the way, I have rarely been more surprised and startled than when I heard, a few days ago, a member of the old *Gauche* of the chamber of deputies, and now of the Assembly, observe, that the accession of Henry was the *best* and most probable denouement of the revolutionary drama. I should have as readily expected this conversion to legitimacy in M. Thiers and M. Barrot. The substitutions in the cabinet have not increased its strength. Leon Faucher, who passed from the department of public works to that of the interior, is what you call a very smart man; indefatigable, resolute, self-confident, but not of the same calibre in reputation and real capacity with his predecessor. He is prepossessed for Great Britain, and sufficiently ignorant and indifferent about the United States. The new minister of public works, Lacrosse, would have suited better the department of the navy—naval affairs having been his specialty in the ex-chamber of deputies. He possesses, however, excellent general qualifications as a minister. He was a leading adherent of Cavaignac. Buffet, to whom the department of agriculture and commerce is committed, is not much beyond thirty years of age; he was bred to the law, and has attended to practical and speculative agriculture. All, except Passy, the minister of finance, are members of the National Assembly. It was with difficulty that Passy was persuaded to remain after the vote of the Assembly, which repeals two thirds of the salt-tax, and thus deprives his receipts budget of forty-six millions of francs, when he nearly demonstrates that the deficit for the year must be estimated at *five hundred millions*.

Owing to the reduction of this tax and the common doubts of the vitality of the cabinet, the public funds continued to fall yesterday. The National of this morning remarks—"An Odilon Barrot ministry is a delicate and fragile thing; it must be nicely and tenderly handled." In the Assembly, the day before yesterday, the minister of public education was assailed for violating the rights of the constituent body, and transgressing his own powers in certain measures respecting a scheme of public education. The majority were against him, after vehement debate; but the votes of more than half the house in his favor, because there is reluctance to shake down the cabinet. A complaint was preferred by a member that, at the installation of Jerome Bonaparte at the *Hotel des Invalides*, the veterans shouted *Vive l'Empereur*; Jerome did not utter the word republic in his speech, and not one of the many public functionaries present cried *Vive la Republique*. However, four or five hundred of the Assembly are determined republicans of different shades; they prevailed yesterday in the choice of all the vice-presidents and secretaries of the house. If you would understand with what boldness the Republic and the Assembly are denounced, you must con the following paragraph of the *Assemblée Nationale*, a journal of great

authority and currency, which was established by the Orleanists:—

The *Union* had published an excellent article to prove that the elegant, and somewhat too dissolute habits of France, could not adapt themselves to the republican regime. The *National* replies, that the United States are an example which replies very pertinently to the reasons developed by the *Union*. Let us be permitted to say a word in the matter. What is there similar in the manners of the United States and those of France? In the former country we behold planters and merchants moving about most busily, and buzzing like bees in a hive, and failing every two years. Take a single term of comparison—look at the Sunday at New York and at Paris. Our habits are free and monarchical; those of the United States are slavish and republican. But there are other considerations connected with the general political system. The United States, by their geographical situation, are unconnected with all European policy—they are commercial states carrying on business ill or well. But France, placed between Germany, Spain, Belgium, Holland and England, cannot exist and increase without a diplomatic system giving it a great and lofty place in Europe. In that point of view to make France a republic is to reduce it to the part of Switzerland, which, concentrated in itself, takes no part in anything outside, and is not reckoned for anything in the questions of influence. Is it not, therefore, allowable, historically, to prefer the great ideas of Cardinal de Richelieu, Louis XIV., and Napoleon? It is often useful in political matters to sum the question. This then is what, in our opinion, calls for the speediest possible dissolution of the National Assembly. What has it voted at its outset as a specimen of its internal policy? That the provisional government had merited well of its country. But was that vote really in harmony with the opinion of the country? Again, what did it vote for the foreign policy? That the independence of Italy and Polish nationality should be recognized, &c. But, in the present situation of our diplomacy, is not that vote a derision? Thus, as far as the business of the state is concerned, the presence of the National Assembly is a great embarrassment; it is not merely the secret war which it makes on the president of the republic, which draws down reprobation on it, but also its system of policy, domestic and foreign.

The *Journal des Débats* treats, this day, the resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature on the slavery question, as a declaration of war on the Union, or, at least, a threat of separation. Lamartine has just sold the manuscript of his *abolition* tragedy, *Toussaint Louverture*, for the sum of twenty thousand francs. Propositions are before the committees of the Assembly to reduce considerably the *per-diem* of the members. A large portion of them are necessitous; *all the mountain*. The *National* argues for the maintenance of the twenty-five francs—a livelihood for many. Proudhon, the oracle of pure socialism, is levying a *rent*, with appeals like those of Conciliation-Hall, for the purpose of paying the fines and the imprisonments with which the judges have visited his paper and managers. The question of the dissolution of the chamber is discussed ear-



nestly in and out of doors; petitions for it, instigated by the anti-republicans, are poured in, and the strength of the combinations, with the reason of the case, must, ere long, prevail. The recusants are styled the twenty-five francs party. But there is something more, and graver; they anticipate an imperial explosion, and wish to be on the breach. An executive limited strictly by a written constitution, and an Assembly asserting omnipotence for itself, forms not merely an irregular, but a paradoxical, antagonistical situation, which cannot be protracted without obvious extreme danger. Nevertheless, the *National*, of this morning, says—"The House has a right to decide as it shall please; it is equally with the executive, the product of universal suffrage; it is constituent, and its term, its mission, can be limited by itself alone. If the executive be the arm of the nation, the Assembly is the head. Its province is to think and to will. The confidence and respect of the country will attend its decision." This is not so. Every one is sensible that the country will depute an Assembly of a very different complexion. It is far more monarchical or imperial than the present body. Should the voice of universal suffrage, at the next summons, be unequivocal against republicanism, Louis Napoleon may hold himself absolved from his oath and other pledges to the constitution. Marshal Bugeaud, as commander-in-chief of the army of the Alps, has fixed his head quarters at Lyons—Changarnier is master here—the whole army may be wielded for an emperor, whenever an assembly shall feel bold enough to respond to the acclamation in the barracks and the streets. *Entre nous*, the imperial sceptre would be broken in less than a twelve-month, in the hands of any one of the Bonapartes.

TRANSLATION OF M. DE LAMARTINE'S PREFACE TO HIS CONFIDENCES, OR CONFESSIONS, OF WHICH THE PUBLICATION HAS BEEN COMMENCED IN THE PARIS JOURNAL LA PRESSE.

#### LETTER TO A FRIEND.

To return to the subject of your letter, you ask me, "What is the nature of these '*Confidences*,' of which a journal, extensively spread over France and Europe, announces the publication, in its pages?" You are astonished, and with reason, to learn that the pages of my private and recluse domestic life are to be exhibited, during that life, to the careless and indifferent examination of some millions of readers. "This publicity," you say, "blights and withers the feelings of the heart." "Why do you commit an error like this? Is it to nourish yourself with the fruit of your own sentiments? They will not be yours when they are given to the world. Is it for glory? There is no glory in infancy, and there are few men whose glory survives beyond the tomb. The greatest celebrity is but the triumph of a day; it has no morrow. Is it for money? It is paying too dear to draw wealth from your own veins. Explain this to me, or stop while there is yet time, for I cannot understand why you do this."

Alas! my friend, I will explain myself, but I begin by acknowledging, with all humility, that you

are right on every point. However, when you have listened with a somewhat partial ear, to my explanations, possibly you will agree with me, in the sadness of your heart, that I am not altogether wrong. Here is the naked truth—it is a *confidence* also, and perhaps not the least indiscreet.

You may remember, in the days of our youth, when I used to pass the autumn with you in the solitary chateau of your mother in Dauphiné, situated on the little hill of Bien Assis, a gentle acclivity rising from the plains of Cremieux, like a wave of the sea which brings the vessel to the strand. I see, still, in my mind's eye, the terrace covered with its overshadowing vines; the spring, in the garden, beneath two weeping willows which your mother had just planted, and from which, without doubt, the slips were taken which now wave over her grave; the thick groves in the background which echoed every morning with the cries of your hounds; the saloon, ornamented with a portrait of your father in the costume of a general officer, decorated with the red ribbon of the old *regime*; finally, the turret filled with books, of which your mother always kept the key, and which was never opened unless she was near; lest our hands should mistake hemlock for parsley amid this thick and often deceitful vegetation of the human mind, where the antidote and poison are thrown together.

Do you also call to mind your visits, during the holidays, to Milly, the estate of my family, where you knew my mother who loved you like a son! Her gentle mien, her eyes overflowing with the tenderness of her soul; the soft tone of her voice; her bland smile which spread happiness around her, and those lips which were never contracted to a sneer—does this—all this—remain in your memory? "What connection," you will say, "is there between the chateau of Bien Assis—the habitation called Milly, my mother and yours, and the publication of these pages?" You shall learn: My mother had early acquired a habit of setting apart an interval for meditation during the twilight, like those wise men who endeavor to pause religiously and philosophically before death. When everybody was asleep in the house, her children in their little beds close to hers, and nothing heard inside the chamber except their gentle respiration; the breeze fanning the blinds, and the dogs baying the moon below in the court yard, she softly opened a closet filled with books on education, devotion, and history; she seated herself before a desk of rose-wood incrustured with ivory and mother of pearl; she drew from a drawer small sheets of paper bound in grey like an account book. She wrote in this book for two hours without lifting her head; it was the history of the day; the annals of the passing hour, the recollections and impressions of events seized in their flight, arrested in their course before the night should have banished them forever: the date of sorrows or joys; domestic occurrences; the outpouring of sadness; the transports of gratitude; the prayers which flowed warm from the heart to God; all the touching observations of a nature that lives, loves, suffers; that blesses, invokes, worships; in fine—a *written soul*.

These remarks thrown thus, at the close of the day, upon paper, as drops of her existence, naturally accumulated, and at her death were an immense and precious repertory of memorandums for her children; there are twenty-two volumes; I have them always near me, and when I wish to see my mother, I open one of them and she is before me! You know how habits become hereditary.

Alas, why are not virtues also? This custom of my mother's became mine at an early period. When I left college, she showed me the pages saying, "Do as I have done. Give a mirror to your life. Devote an hour daily to the registering your impressions and the silent examination of your conscience. It is a good thing to ask yourself, before such or such an act, 'Shall I blush to record this at night?' It is sweet, also, to note the joys which fleet by us, or the tears which we shed, and to find them years afterwards on your pages, and to say, 'That is what made me happy.' 'This made me weep.' This teaches the instability of earthly things—that makes us appreciate joy or grief, not at their value of the moment which beguiles us, but at that of the eternity which cannot deceive." I listened to these words and obeyed, yet not literally; I did not write daily like my mother. The vivacity of youthful feelings; the seduction of passion, the disgust of a conscience that I could not always examine without shame, prevented me from keeping the register of every step in life with the pious regularity of this holy woman. But from time to time, in those hours when the soul is in repose, at those epochs of solitude, when the heart calls the time of past tenderness and the images of the dead, I wrote, (without care, or thinking that any eye but my own would ever scan my pages,) I wrote, I say, not all, but the principal emotions of my heart; I stirred the ashes of the past with the point of my pen; I blew upon the embers of my heart with the hope of producing a few more days of light and heat in my bosom! I did this seven or eight different times in my life, under the form of notes which have no connection with each other, except the identity of the spirit which dictated them. So much being said, follow me yet a moment, and pardon the length of my letter. About six years ago, I went, during the summer, in order to work in quiet at the History of the French Revolution, and hid myself in the small island of Ischia, in the Gulf of Gaeta, separated from the main land by the beautiful sea, without which no view is perfect according to my ideas. Ischia, as you will find in reading these pages, has always been dear to me for other reasons; it is the scene of two of the tenderest reminiscences of my life; the one sweet and gentle as childhood—the other grave, strong, and lasting like manhood. One loves the places where one has been loved; they seem to restore to us the heart of former days, and give it back intact that we may love again. One day, then, in the summer of 1843, I was alone, stretched under the shade of a lemon tree, upon the terrace of the fisherman's hut which I occupied, looking at the sea and watching the waves which washed the shells on the sandy beach, and inhaling the breeze which the flux of each billow caused in the air, like the fan of the poor negroes on the forehead of their masters in our tropics. I had finished examining all the memoranda and manuscripts which I had brought with me for the History of the Girondins; materials failed me; I had recourse to those which never fail us—of our memory. I wrote, upon my knees, the history of *Grasiella*, that sad and charming imaginary love of mine, whom I formerly encountered in this same gulf. I was seated opposite to the island of Procida, in sight of the ruins of that cottage partly hid among vines and the garden beside it, to which her spirit seemed to point. While thus employed, I beheld a boat making for the shore, in which were seated a young man and woman, endeavor-

ing to shield themselves from the scorching sun by the shade of the mast. The door of the terrace opened; a little boy of Ischia, acting as guide to strangers, entered and announced a visitor. I saw approaching me a young man of a tall, slight figure, with a slow and measured gait, like one who fears to disturb his thoughts by rapid movement; a soft and manly countenance enclosed in a beard of black hair, and whose profile, as it was reflected against the clear blue sky, resembled those fine Grecian models such as might have belonged to the disciples of Plato, and are handed down to us on stone. I recognized the step, the profile, and the voice of Eugene Pelletan, one of the friends of my middle age. He had left his fair young wife in a hut on the shore. After having talked a few moments about France and this island, to which he heard by accident that I had retired, he observed the pages on my lap, and the half-used pencil in my hand. "What are you doing?" said he. "Will you hear," said I, "while your wife sleeps off the fatigue of the voyage, and you rest yourself under this orange tree? I will read it to you." And I read him some pages of the History of Grasiella, as the sun was sinking behind the *Epomeo*, the highest mountain of the island. The place, the time, the shadows, the sky, the odor of the shrubs, spread themselves over pages without color or perfume, and made the illusion captivating to him; he was greatly affected; I closed the book, and we sought his wife. I gave them a hospitable welcome for the night, and the next morning they left me. I was recalled home by pressing business—*res angusti domi*, says Horace—sad words that the modern world has translated into *domestic embarrassment—difficulty in living*—according as the case may be. "How does it happen that such is your case?" you will say. "Can you not extricate yourself from embarrassment by serving your country, which has never denied aid to any honorable enterprise?" This is all very true; but since 1830, I have preferred serving in the army of God—a soldier without pay, and who never expects to be repaid on earth. Be that as it may, I was called upon, now, rather unexpectedly, to refund a considerable sum which I had borrowed, in order to redeem, for my family, the lands and house of my mother, the property of *Milly*, that you well knew when you and I rambled through its fields; you at sixteen, and I a year younger.

At the death of my mother, that estate which was valuable rather from its association than intrinsically, was to be divided into five parts and sold; to pass into the hands of strangers. My sisters and brothers-in-law, as much distressed as myself, generously offered all their aid to save this precious relic of olden time. I was then in a better position, and I determined to make a great effort: I did so, and purchased the estate, hoping to end my days there. The weight of this purchase, for which I paid the last farthing, with the money I had borrowed, nearly crushed me; but I sustained it cheerfully, for I could not sell my feelings as I would an acre. I did not repent it, and do not now; but the hour arrived when I must either surrender or sell. I put it off in vain. If time has wings, interest on capital has the rapidity as well as the weight of a railroad car. I was grieved and distressed, but I resolved to be firm. I looked at the village clock, the roof of my mother's dwelling, and I said to myself, "I can no longer pass through these fields. That clock, that hill, that roof, those walls, *all* will reproach me that I parted with them for a few bags

of French crowns. And the good villagers, who are almost all my foster brethren, and with whom I passed my childhood, and ate of the same bread, what will they say when they learn that I have sold everything to a stranger who knows nothing of them, and who perhaps, to-morrow, may overturn all their plans and render their lives unhappy?" I became more and more perplexed; but time pressed, and I sent for one of those men who purchase lands wholesale, to resell them in parcels, and I said to him, "Sell for me a hundred thousand francs worth of this land." I would rather have said with Shylock, "Sell a pound of my flesh." The man you ought to know, for he belongs to your department, and he has strong sensibility. I saw the tears in his eyes: he would willingly have renounced his percentage to save me this sacrifice and agony. We went together to examine what part of the domain could most conveniently be detached and divided into sections; but here the difficulty became greater, and the anguish more intense. "Sir," said he, "here is a lot which will sell well, and will not break in on the rest." "Yes," replied I, "but here is the vine which my father planted the year of my birth, and which he commanded me to keep, in memory of his labors." "Well," replied the appraiser, "here is another, which will be very tempting to purchasers of small means, because it is fit for cattle." "Yes, but that cannot be sold, there is the river, the orchard, and the meadow, where our mother made us bathe, and play in our childhood, and where she planted these apple trees, those apricot and cherry trees for us." Let us look further. "This hillock behind the house?" "But that borders upon the garden, and is opposite the window of the family sitting room; who could look at it without tears?" "This cluster of small cottages, with hanging vines, as you go down to the valley?" "Oh! those are the cottages of the foster-father of my sisters, and the good woman who nursed me with so much care. You might as well buy two spots for them in the graveyard at once, for it would kill them to be turned out of their cottages and their vineyards." "Well, the principal building and its offices, with the garden and court?" "But I wish to die there, in my father's bedroom; that cannot go—it would be a suicide of all family affection." "What have you to say against selling the bottom of that valley which is not seen from your windows?" "Nothing, except that it contains the graveyard of my family, where I saw buried, in my childhood, my little brother and sister, whom I have deeply lamented." "Come, we must look elsewhere; every step here mutilates some sacred feeling." We walked in vain; we could find nothing that could be detached from the estate, without carrying with it a shred of my soul. I returned in sadness to the house, where I passed a sleepless night. The next morning, the village postman brought me a packet of letters; there was one from Paris, of which the address was in that neat running hand, which indicates promptitude, precision, and firmness of resolution. It was from M. de Girardin. "M. Pelletan," said he, "has mentioned to me, with great encomium, some pages of your *souvenirs* of your youth, which you read to him at Ischia. Will you send them to *La Presse*? It will give you, in exchange, any sum you may ask." I replied without hesitation, thanking him, but refusing his offer. "The terms offered by the journal," said I to M. de Girardin, "are much too high for sheets without value; but I cannot bring myself to publish the dus-

ty relics of my memory, which can be of no possible interest to any one but myself."

The letter was despatched. The notary came, six days after, to arrange the affair of the sale of Milly. The appraiser had parcelled off a portion of the estate to the amount of fifty thousand francs, ready to be sold, the deed was upon the table; one word would take forever from my eyes this part of the estate; my hand trembled; my reflections were bitter; my heart failed me.

At this moment some one opened the door; it was the postman. He threw a letter on the table from M. de Girardin, who insisted with a kindness which had the air of real friendship, saying he would give me three years to accustom myself to the idea. Such a distant time took away the worst of my difficulty; it softened the matter by veiling it; but I did not deceive myself as to the many sharp feelings which would naturally result from the engagement I was about to make. I weighed, on the one side, the sorrow of knowing that eyes, utterly indifferent and without indulgence for me, would look into the palpitating fibres of my heart, naked before them; on the other hand, that heart torn by an act of my own! I placed my hand before my eyes—I communicated with my heart—I took the draught of the deed from the hands of the notary, tore it in pieces, and replied to M. de G. "I accept." Milly was saved, and I was bound. Think of *Bien Assis*, and condemn me if you dare. In my place would you have done otherwise?

Reassure yourself, however; in giving up these simple pages I have only surrendered *myself*. There is not in them a name or a memory that can suffer in the slightest degree from my indiscretion. I have not met with many evil men in my journey of life; I have lived in an atmosphere of kindness, genius, generosity, love, and virtue. I only remember the good; I forget, without effort, the rest. My soul is like the sieve in which the Mexicans wash their golden ore; the sand falls to the ground, the pure metal remains. What is the use of charging our memory with anything that does not charm or console our existence?

Now, when the chagrin of the forthcoming publication weighs very heavily upon me; when I reflect on the pity of some, the sneer of others, and the indifference of everybody who turns over leaves which had better have remained *in petto*, as a sort of theft made to the sacredness of the domestic hearth, I spring on my horse and ride slowly up the rocky way to Milly. I look to the right and left, in the meadows and in the vineyard; the country-people salute me at a distance with a friendly nod, or a smile of old acquaintance. I seat myself in the autumnal sun, in the remotest corner of the garden, where I can best behold the paternal roof, the vines, the orchard; I look with a moistened eye at the small square building, where an immense ivy, planted by my mother, now clings, and forms a sort of natural buttress growing out of the earth, to preserve the house from crumbling into decay before me; I listen to the spades of the vine-dressers, who are turning up the soil that I have preserved for them; I see the smoke of the chimney-fires of the vine-twigs which the women burn on their hearths, and which remind them of the fields; I see the shadows of the linden trees, which the setting sun casts as far as my place of repose, and which appear like ghosts that would kiss my feet to bless me. I say to myself, "The world may blame me; my friends do not understand me; it is right, I ought not to complain."



But this garden, this empty house, these vines and trees, these old men and women and the children, will thank me for the shame I have endured to keep them untouched and happy around me until my last hour! Let me accept for them this mortification. I shall recount it one of these days to my father, mother, and the shades of my sisters, when I shall be reunited to them in the house of our Heavenly Father. They will not accuse me—they will sympathize with me, and perhaps bless me for what I have done. Do thou, like them! my old friend—be indulgent, and if you cannot approve, at least excuse me, in thinking of the walls and the trees where you are growing old, in your native air or birth-place, and surrounded by memorials of your ancestors.

From the Spectator.

*A Biblical Cyclopædia; or Dictionary of Eastern Antiquities, Geography, Natural History, Sacred Annals and Biography, Theology and Biblical Literature, illustrative of the Old and New Testaments.* Edited by JOHN EADIE, LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature to the United Presbyterian Church, and Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Cambridge street, Glasgow. With Maps and Pictorial Illustrations, drawn from the most authentic sources.

THIS book is based upon an American publication called the "Union Bible Dictionary;" but the plan is considerably extended, not only by giving a fuller explanation in many articles, but by embracing the latest information from modern travellers, and the latest views of modern scholars, where they are consistent with the broad principles of Christian faith. The original book has been so much enlarged and improved by these means, that Dr. Eadie's *Biblical Cyclopædia* may be almost considered a new work; and a very useful and informing compilation it is likely to prove, for the class to whom it is addressed—the people. There is more of animation and character in the style than is often found in dictionaries of this kind, and the longer articles may be read with pleasure as single papers. The use of a small though clear type, and the division of the pages into three columns, enables a vast quantity of matter to be put into a single volume.

*A Record of the Black Prince.* Being a selection of such Passages in his Life as have been most quaintly and strikingly narrated by Chroniclers of the period. Embellished with highly wrought Miniatures and Borderings selected from various Illuminated MSS. referring to events connected with English History. By HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS.

ONE of the most characteristic and interesting volumes that have issued from the hands of Mr. Noel Humphreys. It consists of passages from old chroniclers, chiefly Froissart, so arranged as to give a connected history of the Black Prince, his life and adventures; the object of the compiler being to place before the reader the most quaint and spirited bits, without the trouble of wading through ponderous tomes. The whole is printed in black letter; and, "in order to give as much as possible of the 'old book' charm to these passages from the chroniclers, they have been carefully printed with suitable 'rubrics,' ['arguments' to the several sections.] in black letter, from old type that appears to have been actually used by the first English printer, the celebrated Caxton." Illuminated borders (including miniature pictures of battles, &c.) have

been added, selected from MS. chronicles relating to early English history, and also initial letters in wood-cut, copied from the original illuminated grant of the principality of Aquitaine to the Prince of Wales. The volume is covered with a massive stamped binding, to imitate carved ebony: it is very handsome: the carving is spirited, and deeply cut, in parts penetrating right through; and underneath is laid a velvet-like scarlet paper, which throws up the design of the carving very beautifully.

*The Commercial Crisis, 1847-1848; being Facts and Figures illustrative of events of that important period, considered in relation to the Three Epochs of the Railway Mania, the Food and Money Panic, and the French Revolution, &c.* By D. MORIER EVANS.

COMMERCIAL and mercantile-financial annals for the last three years. The narrative is readable and rapid, but superficial; partaking more of the style of a well-written "city article" than a searching survey, or scientific resumé of the disasters connected with the railway mania, the Irish famine, and the political disorders of the time. It will be found a convenient manual for those who wish to have a continuous account of the events of those fearful periods at hand, together with a summary of the leading facts; the most useful of which are the list of mercantile failures, and the prices of shares in the principal railways—tables that might have furnished Spencer with hints for his canto on mutability. *The Commercial Crisis*, however, will not tell an observer anything which he did not know before, and principles the author does not enter upon.

*The Art of Illumination and Missal-Painting; a Guide to Modern Illuminators.* Illustrated by a series of Specimens, from richly illuminated MSS. of various periods; accompanied by a set of Outlines to be colored by the Student according to the theories developed in the work. By H. NOEL HUMPHREYS.

A BEAUTIFUL volume, of practical utility for the amateur. Mr. Humphreys' plan is to sketch the progress of missal-painting at each stage, from the earliest down to the fifteenth century, and even later: a specimen of each stage is given from some standard work, with a description expounding the principles of the decoration as applied to the particular example; and then the author throws out suggestions for improving upon the work, so as to make it suit the better knowledge, appliances, and taste of modern art. At the end of the volume are outline versions of the specimens, on which the dilettante can practise. It is at once a manual for the drawing-board, and a truly jewel-like volume for the drawing-room table.

*The Second English Reader.* Edited by the Rev. GORHAM D. ABBOTT, author of the "New English Spelling Book."

THIS selection is made from less common sources than is usual in English "Readers;" the extracts being often on subjects which may of themselves occupy the attention of the young, apparently with the view of furnishing passages that being within their comprehension, shall enable them to read naturally. Mr. Gorham Abbott's opinion is that the usual mode of teaching elocution produces a heavy and artificial manner; in which we agree with him: whether any choice of passages for recitation will alone give "true art"—that is, "nature to advantage dress'd"—must be left to experiment.

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**"PROSPECTUS."**—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hord's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very ully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.  
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J. Q. ADAMS.